Now is the Time to Make Sure.—See page ii of cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XIX. No. 507 | SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1916. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 801714

For meaning of this number see page 25.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

The Circulation of "John Bull" exceeds 1,350,000 copies weekly.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of any charge whatever, an insurance* which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident Policy issued by Insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE. Readers to whom this course is inconvenient may, however, obtain all the advantages of the scheme by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out—which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of **£200**

Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled.. **£100**

Should his, or her, house become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding **£350**

Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to **£25**

Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to **£10**

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payments shall be subject to the claimants' rights against any other newspaper or insurance body.

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

Feb. 19, 1916.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with.....
..... Newsagent,
of .....
..... and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

(*Strike out one of these.*)

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address.....
Feb. 19, 1916.

An acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon will be sent if halfpenny stamp is enclosed with it.

Try this famous Skin Remedy FREE

Antexema is an extraordinary remedy. It succeeds when doctors, hospitals, and ointments utterly fail. The cures worked by Antexema are astounding. People whose lives were one long martyrdom owing to eczema, others whose faces were disfigured by a rash, or ugly spots, victims of bad legs, tortured day and night by their affliction, have been cured by Antexema, the wonder worker. To-day, not a sign of skin illness remains to worry or humiliate.

The amazing thing about Antexema is the immediate relief it gives. All irritation stops the moment it is applied, and soon your trouble is finally ended. It cures bad legs, eczema, pimples, bad hands, and every other skin illness of infants and adults. However long your suffering has lasted, Antexema cannot fail to rid you of it. Send for Free Trial bottle and start your cure.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrods', Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Company, Timothy White's and Lewis and Burrows's at 1s. 3d. and 3s. 6d. post free, 1s. 6d. and 3s. from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa and Europe.

Sign this Form

To Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.—Please send Booklet, "Skin Troubles," for which I enclose three penny stamps, also Free Trial of Antexema and Antexema Soap.

NAME .....

JOHN BULL, 19.2.16. ADDRESS.....

"ZEPTO"
makes pearly teeth.

We each have a stick of "ZEPTO," and after we have cleaned our teeth in the ordinary way "ZEPTO" used periodically removes the Tartar from the little chinks where the tooth-brush fails. This is the way to keep your teeth sound and perfect in appearance. If you are careful to remove all the Tartar (a toothbrush alone cannot do it) decay is prevented and your teeth will always remain pearly white.

"ZEPTO" The Antiseptic Tartar Remover,
should be used by everybody.

Lasts many months—costs but **9d.** Use it always for dental plates.

Of all Chemists and Stores, or post free from—
THOS. CHRISTY & CO. (Dept. J.B.)
Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.

Britain builds the best ships in the World.

Britain makes the best textiles in the World.

Britain brews the best Lager in the World—

ALLSOPP'S

The New Householders

'ALL-IN' POLICY

—heralds a New Era in Domestic Insurance

—abolishes the old custom of a separate Policy for every risk—one for "Fire," another for "Employers' Liability" another for "Storm, Flood and Tempest," and so on ad infinitum —with the unnecessary extra expense.

The "ALL-IN" Policy gives you complete protection, covering practically every Domestic contingency in 29 main risks and many subsidiary ones at

ONE PREMIUM OF 5s. PER CENT. PER ANNUM INCLUSIVE.

ONE POLICY—ONE PREMIUM—ONE RENEWAL DATE.

Write for
Explanatory Booklet, No. 114,
THE BRITISH DOMINIONS General Insurance Co., Ltd.
All-In Policy Dept.,
9 & 10, Tokenhouse Yard, London, E.C.

SEE THE TAGS! These are the tags that cannot come off and they are fitted to Paton Laces.

Next to the annoyance of a breaking lace is the lace from which the tag has become detached; it's so difficult to get it through the eyelet holes. You are secure from this annoyance if you buy

PATON'S BOOT & SHOE LACES

for the tags cannot come off And Paton Laces give the longest wear, the smartest appearance and are the most comfortable.

Boot Laces for Ladies' and Gents' wear	2d. & 3d.	per pair.
Shoe Laces (flat and tubular)	do. 3d.	do.
Leather Laces	do. 4d. & 6d.	do.

Your dealer can supply them if you will ask for them by name-Paton's

Wm. PATON Ltd, Johnstone, Scotland. E58

The New "*One-at-a-time*" Treasury Note Case

When the notes are arranged according to the directions supplied, you *cannot* extract more than one at a time. The case also contains a pocket for holding notes until it is convenient to insert them properly Solid pigskin, 6/9; Leather, . . **4/-**

SELFRIDGE'S

Selfridge & Co., Ltd., Oxford St., W. *'Phone: Gerrard One.*

KEEP YOUR MONEY SAFE
Your Notes, Cash, War Vouchers, Jewellery, and other Valuables,
In a BRICK SAFE let into your Wall,
where it cannot be detected. Far safer than a till, box, stocking or ordinary safe.

The size of an ordinary brick, it has best hardened steel door with good six lever lock (no two locks alike), and has secret device making keyhole practically invisible. Can be let into any wall in any hidden position (as behind door, picture, furniture, etc.), giving absolute security. Quite easy to fit in yourself, or a bricklayer will do it in an hour. The ideal Safe for Homes, Hotels, Apartment Houses, Shops, etc. Made in two sizes—9 inches wide **25s.**, 13 inches wide **30s.** Satisfaction guaranteed Sent carriage paid on receipt of cash. Owing to irregularity of bricks, lugs only supplied when specially ordered Special Cement for fixing one safe **1s.** extra. Order to-day before you suffer loss, or send for list with full particulars and name of nearest Agent to Sole Makers,
BRICK SAFE CO., MORVILLE ST., LADYWOOD, BIRMINGHAM.

learn to sketch in two hours

Our Booklet J.B. sent post free will tell you all about it. Write to-day to Secretary, A.B.C. School of Drawing, 210, Strand, London.

COCHRANES OF MANCHESTER.

Show you how to start a business of your own and make money selling Remnants, Drapery, Handkerchiefs, Ready mades, etc. Write for Catalogue which tells you all about it.

COCHRANES WAREHOUSE, 8, Victoria Bridge Manchester.

EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS

for **SOLDIERS, SAILORS & CIVILIANS**

A genuine, durable, and satisfactory article, soft and ready for use.

UNION JACK and KHAKI styles, as well as many other attractive designs.

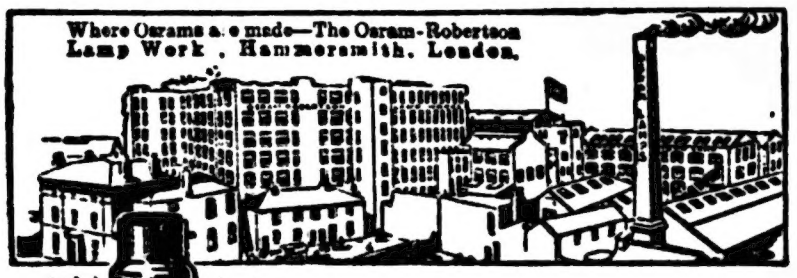
***Sold everywhere*, 6½d. each.**

Ask for EXCELDA Soft Collars and Fronts.

BE SURE you get **EXCELDA**

See name on each Handkerchief

Where Osrams are made—The Osram-Robertson Lamp Work, Hammersmith, London.



Waiting to be called up

Millions of OSRAMS are already in the nation's service. Others, in stores and shops, are waiting to be called up. Users in homes, munition factories, and government offices attest their worth. Britain's premier lamps.

Osram
DRAWN WIRE
Lamps

Baby and Man!

A unique Book of final and unanswerable Proof of the supreme value of Nestlé's Milk as a food for your child.

A *true* food for Baby should make baby good-tempered, happy, content—should reduce peevishness, fretfulness, worry to the minimum, should *show* its value in baby's vigour and looks.

Nestlé's Milk *does that.*

Also a true food will reduce baby's liability to infantile ailments—should enable you to say "baby's never had a thing the matter with him," so, should save you cost.

The record of Nestlé's Milk shows *that.*

Above all, the *right* food for baby will prove itself as much in later years as during babyhood: a chubby baby is one thing—but what of the man or woman it is going to become!

Here is the crowning triumph of Nestlé's.

Thousands of the very men on whom to-day the safety of our Empire hangs were reared on

NESTLÉ'S MILK

An Amazing Offer.

WE have prepared an interesting ALBUM OF PORTRAITS OF BRITISH SOLDIERS AND SAILORS who were reared on Nestlé's Milk and want every Mother, Doctor and Nurse in the Kingdom to *see this book.* If you send a postcard mentioning this paper, a copy will be sent free by return.

This Book will carry the final word of conviction to your heart that if you want your baby to grow into a real MAN or a real WOMAN, Nestlé's Milk will help you beyond all other diets.

Cash price 7½d. and 4d. per tin.

NESTLÉ'S, 6—8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

By Appointment *to H.M. the King.*

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XX. No. 507. Week ending Saturday, February 19th, 1916. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Our Tour.

With nearly all the war "experts" taking a rest, we are having the country almost to ourselves—all attempts to undermine our influence simply resulting in drawing bigger crowds to our meetings. Our optimism may be "fatuous," but it is evidently shared by the public.

Daylight Raids.

So they are coming now in the day time—and successfully escaping. And yet Mile End preferred Warwick-Brookes to Pemberton Billing! And what is this we hear about a possible Court-Martial of over a hundred anti-aircraft men in connection with a recent raid?

Our Thunder.

Bit by bit the politicians are stealing all our thunder. In addition to a scheme of Prize Bonds, the papers are now talking glibly about taxes on advertisements and amusements. We must lay in a fresh stock of ideas before going back to Parliament.

Butchers and Beasts.

That Sea Lord who tells his friends he objects to reprisals because he is "not a butcher," does not understand his job. You can't run a war on moral maxims. Beasts need butchers.

Another Absent M.P.

What is the exact nature of the illness of Dr. Leach, M.P. for Colne Valley? and is it the fact that he has had a nervous breakdown of so serious a character that his return to Parliamentary work is a very remote contingency? And, in that event, would not it be better that his resignation should be tendered?

Business M.P.s Wanted.

Will gentlemen of Business training, desirous of entering Parliament at the next General Election, communicate with us?

What Does it Mean?

We note that at a War Council, held on Friday of last week, "all the members were present *except Lord Kitchener.*" What does it mean? We have a reason for asking. "Wait and see"!

A Flaw in the Law.

Why should the law deny a private citizen the right to conduct personally the prosecution of a rogue who does him a criminal wrong—in the same way as he may conduct a case in the Civil Courts?

Sense, Not Sentiment.

We wish Lord Rosebery would make his voice heard more often. His call for reprisals on the Zeppelin murderers strikes a clarion note. Sense, not sentiment, will win this war.

The Blasphemy of the Bishop.

If you want to make a name as an ecclesiastic, just say something startling—with a tinge of blasphemy in it. That was the secret of Dr. Parker, of Spurgeon, of Moody and Sankey, and of the Rev. R. J. Campbell. And now comes the Bishop of Chelmsford, telling us that "God has His politics," and that, at present, He is "sitting on the fence." If we had said that!

From the Front.

Here is an extract from a letter from one of the lads at sea:—

> We are in the Mediterranean. Well, we are having a life up here, hairbreadth 'scapes, etc.; talk about Bank Holiday—why, it isn't in it. There is more excitement up here in eight hours than you can get on shore in eight weeks. I don't think the end of this is far off. Optimistic, am I not; a proper Bottomley, eh—what? I hope all that rot of non-treating will be a dead-letter by that time, or I can see sport coming off when the blboys come marching home!

Wonderful lads!

We Blush!

And this is from a letter received from Mr. F. V. St. Clair—"the famous up-to-date comedian":—

> You will be interested to know that the verse in my topical song, "The Old Homeland"—which concludes: "We want a few more Bottomleys in the Old Homeland"—goes enormously. It is after I have attacked "The Peace Cranks and the Temperance (?) Party." But last night (Friday), at the local Hippodrome, the circle still called for more, so I asked, "What do you want?" and they yelled, "Another verse on good old Bottomley." This only goes to show how popular JOHN BULL is with Our Heroes, for the Hippodrome is full of them twice a night.

The Sins of Party.

A terrific indictment of the vote-hunting political Parties who have misgoverned the country for so many years is preferred in the Thirty-third Annual Report, just issued, of the Liberty and Property Defence League, a copy of which may be obtained on application to the Secretary, 25, Victoria Street, Westminster. How the false ideals of these misleaders of democracy, whose motto has been "Party first, and the country be damned!" have been shattered by the stern realities of war, and how national affairs after the war can be set in order by putting public expenditure upon a strictly business and rigorously economical basis, are demonstrated in a manner that will appeal to all those who desire to see England governed on sound Business principles.

Zepps Destroy. We Repair.

See page ii of cover.

More Licensing Statistics.

We understand that at the Licensing Sessions held the other day in Wellingborough—which after Northampton is the largest licensing area in the country—the Superintendent of Police informed the Bench that drunkenness had greatly decreased during the past two years. And yet there are no "restrictions" in the town.

The German Razor.

The attention of the Cutlers' Company is desired in the matter of German razors still arriving in this country, unmarked as regards the goods themselves, but wrapped in paper printed with "Made in Sweden." Sweden does not export razors of its own make; they come from Germany first, and Sweden is only the junction on the line of route. Sheffield razors are good enough for this country, now and at all times, and Germany must be made to keep its own. The Kaiser may be glad of one rather suddenly, one of these days.

A Fabian Filcher.

Like a shop keeper who has his till robbed while attending a prayer meeting, the Fabian Society, bent on the betterment of human relations, have had their funds embezzled by an absconding clerk. It is no business of ours, of course, but common courtesy prescribes a line of sympathy, and while we have slight admiration for the policy of the Fabians, our heart bleeds for their present plight. The idea of a thief in the Fabian shop is as disturbing as the apparition of Sin in a morality play. Whatever next, we wonder? It is a mad world.

Great Scott.

At a time when the fiends of Berlin have resumed their diabolic Zeppelinism in this country, and London almost nightly expects to be subjected to aerial bombardment on a scale of frightfulness widespread and devastating, the Government make it their business to kick Sir Percy Scott out of his job and hand over the air defences of London to the War Office. It was only last September that Mr. Balfour, the First Lord of the Admiralty, announced that Sir Percy, the most expert gunner in the Navy, had been appointed to defend London from aerial attack. Why he should go now is a mystery, and unless Mr. Balfour or somebody else on the part of the Government can show adequate cause, we hope there will be a thundering row in Parliament about it.

Meyer's Broken Heart.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer is apparently never happy unless he is working himself up into a state of high moral indignation about something or somebody. Now he says he is broken-hearted at the drunken scenes he has witnessed in Waterloo Road, London, among the soldiers. The impression he tries to convey is that soldiers coming and going to the railway station in that district indulge in a continuous drunken, immoral orgie. So outrageous is the exaggeration that it amounts to the grossest slander of our fighting men. Here and there, doubtless, there is drunkenness and the scarlet woman—so, however, there may be among the "good" men who go to and fro in the world professing to be so much better than other men. With Lady Limerick, who has charge of the canteen at London Bridge, we believe the average British soldier, his wife and his family, to be just about as sober and as moral as the Rev. F. B. Meyer, or his associates, or the members of his congregation. And he is undoubtedly a very great deal more useful.

Order of the Boot.

Mr. Whitehouse, M.P. for Mid-Lanark, is the latest member to receive the straight tip from his constituents. Mid-Lanark Liberal Association, dissatisfied by his opposition to the Government's war measures, has called on him to resign—by 31 votes against 2. The fine fighting traditions of Lanark are out of harmony with a gentleman like Mr. Whitehouse, who should, if he has decent feelings, hasten to detach "M.P." from his name. He is at liberty to substitute "O.B."

A Snub to Snowden, too.

What humiliation! By thirty-five votes to five, the Blackburn Town Council have refused to lend the Town Hall for a meeting to be addressed by Mr. Philip Snowden, *senior member for the Borough!* How even a member of the I.L.P. can keep up the blatant farce of "representing" a town whereof 90 per cent. of the inhabitants resent and repudiate his attitude towards the war, passes our comprehension—to say nothing of his continuing to draw £400 of public money per annum, under what, in a political sense, are nothing more or less than false pretences. It seems to us as though some of our pro-German M.P.s would sooner be skinned alive than honestly relinquish their parliamentary pay. The contempt of their constituents touches them not at all.

Conscription and Cowardice.

At the suggestion that useful work might be found for them on mine-sweepers or in the Red Cross service, the "conscientious objectors" of the No-Conscription Fellowship seem to have taken fright, and in a recent letter to the Prime Minister they record their unqualified aversion to any employment which would "aid the military machine." It is thus evident that it is not merely to the taking of human life, but, equally, to the saving of it, in circumstances of personal danger, that their objections are directed. That, there are a few people with an honest religious objection to the use of arms is readily admitted, but the faith of the Quakers and the funk of the "quakers" must not be confused.

More "Wait and See."

The *Daily News* is at its old game of urging the country to wait till it is attacked before taking any steps to prepare its defence. Discussing the report of the sub-committee of the Board of Trade on Commercial Intelligence, which urges "the imposition of some widely spread import duties" for the purpose of securing the position of certain branches of British industries after the war, our contemporary says: "We hope and believe that this war will be fought out to a finish on the battlefield, not in the market. . . . If we fail in this object, it is possible that the commercial war may succeed the war of armies, and measures will have to be taken to ensure success in this too. But . . . until the need arises . . . it is something worse than useless to discuss them." There, in a nutshell, is an exposition of the policy which, in the first place, permitted the unchecked growth of German militarism, made possible only by Germany's unhindered access to our open markets; which, in the second place, was responsible for our state of unpreparedness at the outbreak of the war; and which, finally, by its stupid adherence to the discredited shibboleth of so-called "Free Trade," would have us wait until our commerce, vital to our imperial existence, is assailed by our enemies, with all their unprincipled ruthlessness, before adopting measures to guard against the coming attack.

A real good sort, the "John Bull" Pen.

Mrs. Gretchen.

Our sympathies are invited by—and offered to—a reader who has to pay £1 a week for the keep of a German wife from whom he has been separated for fifteen years. Until recently the money had to be sent to her at a German club. In these irritating circumstances, it is small wonder that he clamours for reform of the Divorce Laws. His punishment is heavy and bitter for having made the initial mistake of marrying a Gerwoman.

"Thou Shalt Not Treat."

The facts in the case at Glasgow in which two men were fined £2 each because one gave the other a halfpenny to purchase a "schooner of lager," prove to be much worse on investigation. The men, "sober, respectable, hard-working fellows, who never take drink during the day," live in Clydebank, and were sent to work in Glasgow. After a hard day's toil, with an hour to wait on the platform, they decided to refresh with a schooner of lager each. One man had 5d., the other 2d., and the price of a schooner is 2½d. So the wealthy man offered to lend his mate a halfpenny to make up the price. And this kindly, natural action is twisted into a treating crime, and has to be paid for by an impost of £4! It is law and intolerance buckled together, and both run amok!

The Scrapper.

We regret to find the Bench at Newport, Mon., ranging itself on the side of the spoil-sports, but in that light only can we regard their decision to grant a licence for boxing at the Tredegar Hall, "subject to there being no professional boxing." Such a hampering restriction may be lawful, and perhaps is, but it is also very stupid and very narrow-minded. It is highly probable that the Magistrates are totally unacquainted with the thing they bar so resolutely, for never was professional boxing so clean as it is to-day. If ever there was a stain on its 'scutcheon, it has been wiped away by the deeds of boxing men on the stricken field, and by the many clean-living, sturdy, trained men who have flocked to the colours. The professional boxer works by day and trains at night; he does not drink or smoke, and must lead a moral life. Deserving to be petted by the unco' guid, actually welcomed by the highest in the Army, he suffers because of the ignorance of Magistrates on the Bench.

Beauty on the 'Bus.

An article in one of the halfpenny dailies, in favour of the women-conductors on 'buses, is unnecessarily exuberant at the expense of the many 'busmen in khaki. It tells of a "handsome girl in navy blue and gold," who, if she existed outside the reporter's imagination, was most unfair, too pert, and too loquacious—even for a female. She remarked that she "had not yet been subjected to any rudeness"—the "yet" indicating that she quite expected to be insulted, and leaving us to wonder why she nursed such anticipations. She also remarked, "The drivers say they like us better than men conductors," and a driver is alleged to have averred, "If only they'd learn something of mechanics, it'd be like driving in 'eaven." It is good of the girls to come and help, and their aid is welcome, because it sets the men free to fight; but it is a slur on good men to say that the girls are doing the work better. As the driver hinted, in some important sections of the work they are absolutely useless, being ignorant and physically unfit. Giddy journalists may gush, but must not belittle the men.

Callous Coroners.

Like other judicial officers, a Coroner is a highly privileged person, but it is not unfair to demand that, in the course of an inquest, decent regard should be had to the sensibilities of bereaved relatives, whose position on such occasions is often of a most painful kind. In a case before us, the mother of a little girl, who had been accidentally burned to death, was subjected to a browbeating catechism worthy of the Old Bailey at its worst, question after question being snapped out, with little regard to the rules of relevance, and none to the requirements of courtesy. This is not the first case of the kind that has been brought to our notice, and a word of protest seems to be due.

No Ladies in Suez.

You may be as sorry to hear it as we are, but there are no ladies in Suez. That at least is what we are told concerning our comment on a scene created at a Suez hotel by persons we described as "local ladies" refusing to dine at a table with two British non-commissioned officers. "If you except a few English women, wives of officials, who certainly would never dream of dining at the indicated hotel," runs this corrector of the press, "there are no ladies in Suez. There are plenty of women—Greeks, Syrians, in fact every breed of Dago; and it must have been some of this species who created the scene you describe. I think it should be made clear that no English woman could possibly have behaved thus." We have our hopes, anyway.

A Happy Ending.

When the war was young, the Belfast Harbour Commissioners agreed to pay half wages to the wives of men joining the Army, but as time went on they seem to have repented of their generosity, and not long ago their failure to redeem a promise of this sort was the subject of a test action before the Recorder of Belfast. The plaintiff was the wife of a soldier, but, as we remarked at the time, her claim was dismissed by the Recorder, on the ground that the agreement (if any) was made with her husband, who alone was entitled to sue. These proceedings reflected no credit upon the successful defendants, but we are glad to learn that better counsels have now prevailed, the Harbour Commissioners having at length determined to stand by their original pledges, and to pay up arrears. And so we should think.

The Pecksniff Press.

We have sometimes thought that a pig-headed teetotaler was also, necessarily, unpatriotic. Now we have something that looks like confirmatory proof. A firm of wine and spirit merchants at Appleby desired to advertise their goods in the *Mid-Cumberland and North Westmorland Herald*, and asked for terms for three months. Herewith we present the snuffling, sanctimonious reply of the proprietors of the paper:—"Replying to your letter of yesterday, we are sorry to have to inform you that we are unable to give you a quotation for the advertisement you send us. We do not accept advertisements of alcoholic drinks for insertion in the *Herald*." No doubt the whites of the eyes went up when that snivelling letter was dictated. But—turn to the *Herald* itself, and you will find a displayed advertisement, in large, staring type, for FORD CARS—big letters, please, for that is how this self-righteous newspaper blazens the unholy things. It is an illuminating sample of the humbugging Pecksniffery of the ginger-beer press.

"Everywoman's" is in every sense a Home paper.

As in London.

Melbourne, as well as London, objects to "peace" meetings and anti-enlistment speeches. Miss Adela Pankhurst was announced to deliver an address on "Shall Men Enlist?" but the soldiers took charge of the proceedings and would listen to nothing so repugnant to their feelings. There was an amusing interlude when the Chairman announced, "Miss Johns will sing, 'I Didn't Raise my Son to be a Soldier,'" for a gallant man in uniform quickly interpolated, "She hasn't got a son!"

Room for Inquiry.

Somebody at the Local Government Board should cast the cold eye of inquiry over the account books of Abingdon in the matter of national registration. The L.G.B. has laid down a scale of charges, at the same time hoping most of the work would be done voluntarily. The maximum charge, at the official rate, for the whole County of Berkshire amounts to £255; the actual cost, leaving out Abingdon and district (but including a big place like Reading) was less than £250; and Abingdon's estimate for itself is £256 2s.—more than the scale rate for all Berkshire! £87 10s. goes as "remuneration" to the Town Clerk. That is, of course, unless the L.G.B. puts its foot down quickly.

In Search of a Wife.

The gentleman who recently described to us his adventures with a matrimonial agent domiciled at Friendship Lodge, Whitstable, where the oysters come from, now favours us with a communication from another of the tribe anxious to introduce him in proper form to some of the goods he has on hand. This other illiterate spouse-merchant calls himself J. Brown and Co., 30, Williamson Street, Liverpool, and here following is the epistle according to the same: "Since writing to you last," he avers, "we have received a client on our books, who we would like to introduce you to, our client as a nice home and a good income, we can only keep this offer open to you until Thursday, so if you will forward the first part of our fee (5s.) we will arrange it at once, and we can assure you, you will not regret it." As our informant proposes to keep his five shillings, it looks as though Brown and Co. will have to keep his goods on his books—unless, that is, he can find a customer in some lunatic asylum or other.

Food for Trippers.

Four years ago the Rothesay Town Council adopted bye-laws forbidding the opening of restaurants and temperance hotels on Sundays. Now that a majority of the Council have seen the error of their ways and have carried a resolution for the Sunday opening of these places for six months—the summer months—of the year, eleven Sabbatical Pharisees, calling themselves "citizens and ministers of Christ who feel responsibility for the moral well-being of the town," have risen with holy, protesting hands upraised in the midst. Really, it is all a matter of public convenience. While closing the restaurants and the temperance hotels, the Council were in the anomalous and even preposterous position that they had to leave the licensed hotels open. The result was that the people who had no chance of week-day recreation and poured into Rothesay by the service of Sunday steamers, found on arrival that they were compelled either to purchase what food they wanted at high prices aboard the steamers, or flock into the hotels where the proprietors did not want the "trippers," and put on prohibitive prices to discourage *déclassé* custom. That is the long and the short of it.

Another Germhun Church.

Greatly perturbed and indignant is a lady who writes to us from Liverpool. "I was staggered," she says, "to find that the Germhun Church in Rensbaw Street was open, and people going in apparently to offer up prayers for the success of Germhun arms." A day will probably come when they will be offering up prayers for Germhun legs, for in that day they will have their faces to their own frontiers and their speed will be at the double. "Do you think you can manage to get this place permanently closed?" we are asked. Well, there *are* ways of securing that desirable object.

Pie Crust Promises.

Brighton Corporation, having promised its employees a minimum wage of 27s. 6d. until three months after the end of the war, proceeded to show the men how promises should not be kept. The men were put on short time for the winter period—November 1st to March 1st—and the wages thus automatically reduced. In some cases we hear the reduction makes a difference of 3s. 3d. and of 4s. 3d., while the war bonus of a whole 6½d. or 8½d. allotted to waterworks men and tramway labourers, is swept clean away. There can be small wonder if the men demand a return to the 27s. 6d. basis, in accordance with the Corporation's definite promise.

Mean Magistrates.

It recently occurred to the patriotism of the teachers at the Draughton (Yorkshire) National School to arrange a children's concert in aid of a fund for supplying comforts to the troops. The results were an excellent entertainment and a ridiculous prosecution at the Skipton Police Court, where two teachers were charged with "causing a stage play to be acted in an unlicensed place." The "stage play" was a simple topical sketch, with boys in khaki and girls in the garb of the Red Cross, the whole cast consisting of pupils and teachers of the school. Instead of laughing the police information out of Court, the Magistrates solemnly discussed the pros and cons of the affair, finally mulcting the defendants in the costs of the summons. For this needless depletion of the profits available for the soldiers, a word of contempt is due to the Justices of Skipton. They may consider it spoken.

Fell's Fallacy.

All over the country practical business men have experiences to tell of shameful waste and incapacity on the part of Government officials. The Transport Department seems to come first, but the Admiralty runs it close. Unfortunately, our legislators are not possessed of sufficient knowledge to keep the Department straight. Of the average member's nautical attainments Mr. Fell—the M.P. for Yarmouth, where he had probably seen nothing larger than a fishing drifter—gave an instructive illustration the other day, when he asked whether the *Mauretania* could not be gutted of her passenger accommodation—the process entailing an expenditure of something over half a million of money—and sent to the Argentine for a cargo of wheat. It will doubtless interest the honourable member to learn that the *Mauretania*, when absolutely empty of cargo and coals, draws 28 feet of water, the bar at the entrance to the River Plate being about 25 feet. If by a miracle she could hop over the obstacle, all the wheat she could load would be about two thousand tons; her coal consumption, at about half speed, is 450 tons daily, and her voyage from St. Vincent to the River Plate and back there would consume ten thousand tons. Oh, for Business Members!

The best protection against Zepps. See page ii of cover.

Sacred Game.

The Redcar Volunteer Corps is one of many troops doing its best to train men and keep them fit, despite lack of recognition or encouragement. A fourth of its members have joined the Regular Forces, and one would think local feeling would be in its favour. But the Commandant says it has not always been so. He wanted the men to do some trench-digging, but the waste land was denied him. And, worse still, "He applied to the local estate agents for permission to go through the woods. It was refused, as it would spoil the game." What a pity it is that the Redcar Corps is not recognised by the War Office, and its Commandant given a free hand for military needs—so that he could "spoil the game," the mean, unpatriotic game of idle, selfish landowners.

A Self-Confessed Skunk.

There is, no doubt, careful cunning, as well as sublime effrontery, behind this advertisement culled from the Glasgow *Citizen* :—"Ex-Student, eligible, but unwilling, wishes to earn his living." Replies are to be addressed to a number at the office of the newspaper, for the bashful but impudent young gentleman does not care to be known. Otherwise, he might be informed of a field where he could earn his living faithfully and honourably; also, that he is not entitled to a "living" while he is "unwilling" to earn it in this, the only, manner that is decent in his case. For he acknowledges he is "eligible"—and brands himself a shirker. Therein lies the cunning we have referred to, for he is aware that a number of namby-pamby pacifists and cowardly cranks would readily open their arms to such a skunk as he.

The Married Woman.

"Why not help us to hold our heads up, even if we *are* married?" The question is put to us by a young married woman, in reference to her treatment by the P.O. at Hull. She was accepted as a postwoman during the extra rush at Christmas and the New Year, and was so successful that she was asked if she was willing to sign on for the period of the war. She consented willingly—only to find she was rejected because she is married. Her husband has been attested, and is at present a railway worker at 26s. a week. Rent is 6s. 8d. a week. Naturally the struggle is hard in her home, but her hopes of employment vanish because she has embraced the bonds of holy matrimony. Surely employers, and especially public bodies, could consider each application on its merits, and not bar a good woman because she *is* a good woman.

The Dog on the Tram.

It looks very much as though the Burnley Corporation Tramways are ruled by the conductors, the General Manager not daring to take any action when once the Man on the Step has put his foot down. A reader has, for four years, used the Manchester Road cars—which are single-deckers—and has always taken his dog to the farthest seat at the driver's end, so as to be out of anybody's way. If he could not get that seat, sooner than sit in the middle of the car with his dog he has preferred to walk. There has never been a complaint—only compliments about the animal's good behaviour; but now, apparently, one conductor's digestion has gone wrong, for he has ordered the man off the cars whenever accompanied by his dog. A remonstrance to the Manager only elicited the meek explanation that everything is left to the "best discretion" of the conductor. When that discretion is not the best, nor even good, but only very bad, the tail-board man is still autocrat of the line.

"Canada in Flanders."

Have you read Sir Max Aitken's entrancing book? If not, get it at once—and you will be proud of the land of the maple leaf.

The Bonus.

The need of a strong union for clerks is again exemplified—this time at Plymouth Dockyard, where the clerical staff, including timekeepers, are the only employees who receive no war bonus. The other men got 3s. a week, but this was denied to the poor clerks, though the high cost of living most assuredly affects them as much as it affects the other workers. The excuse is said to be that a bonus to them cannot be afforded, yet, in the face of this parsimony, an extra shilling a week has been popped on to the bonus of those already favoured. There is a moral for fathers here.

"Trade Protection."

Despite our repeated warnings, shopkeepers and others are still being victimised by so-called Trade Protection Offices. A Warrington reader tells us that—following the usual practice—one of such concerns sent round a man to canvass small shops for the collection of their debts. As a preliminary, he relieved our friend of 5s. for a book in which to write the names and addresses of debtors and the amounts owing. Subsequently, the "Office" wrote letters of demand to the debtors. "What they got is never known," says the victim, "but still they were not satisfied by this. They wrote for another 6s. for County Court fees, making 11s. in all, and I have never received a penny from them yet since 1914. When I wrote them last week they have not had the manners to reply." *Verb. sap.*

Rubber Tyres for Neutrals.

One of the most important London firms dealing in motors has received a communication from Holland. It emanates from Mynheer C. M. Hurle Bath, of Amsterdam, and asks for "a very large quantity of automobile tyres," required by "one of the largest Dutch dealers." If the London firm is inclined to remark "nothing doing," it is urged to "ask one of its clerks" to telephone round the country for tyres, and a commission is offered on results. "Prices must be low, as we are buying in large quantities in an open market." There is a statement that "no tyres sold to us would reach the enemies' hands," but we have only the word of C. M. Hurle Bath for that. Not feeling inclined to take chances, and deeming that the rubber is much safer in this country, our correspondent has not acknowledged this interesting invitation from the innocent Dutchman.

Civis Romanus Sum!

With folded arms the Roman stood
And faced the world, in certain faith
That, were he wronged, Rome surely would
Exact a toll, e'en death for death;
And they who dared to put to test
The strength of Rome's avenging sword
Repented, when in vengeful quest
The nation's arms upheld its word.

Civis Americanus Sum!

A soul whose body passed away,
Murdered, and sunk beneath the flood;
Cried out for vengeance night and day:
"What, will ye see your flesh and blood
Struck down, yet keep a dull sword sheathed,
Whilst treacherous might proclaims its right?"
His nation, answering, softly breathed—
"Brother, we are too proud to fight."

Britain's greatest optimist writes in "Everywoman's."

A SHORT CUT TO VICTORY.

WHY NOT DO IT?—MONITORS FOR THE SCHELDT—TROOPS FOR DUTCH PORTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Hourly my postbag is full to the brim and flowing over. My call to the country has indeed been answered in clarion tones. "Stop this Neutral Nonsense" has awakened the people in a manner which should shock and shame the Government into action. If only the splendid energy and magnificent purpose of the nation were reflected in the policy and acts of the Ministers, then this war would be over in a month. But my readers—while they are stirred to anger, indignation, fury even—seem to forget that I am neither King of Great Britain nor Prime Minister. Pathetic letters, protesting letters, appeals, demands, exhortations—I have received them all, and every post adds to the number, swelling the chorus of a People's anger. They cry for a leader; they ask for guidance, they call for public meetings; they suggest Hyde Park demonstrations and great gatherings of protest in every city in the kingdom. I am glad I have aroused this feeling; I am proud to admit that my countrymen are ready and eager to bring the concentrated force of public opinion to bear upon the Government; I am certain that if only we, as a People, determine whole heartedly and with desperate earnestness that this war in all its phases, in its every aspect, must be conducted with relentless vigour, a vitalising and overwhelming force will be called into being. I repeat, for the hundredth time, that I am ready to do anything within my power to rouse the Government, to help to carry the war to a speedy and magnificent triumph. "We can win, we must win," is becoming a nauseating platitude *now*. But the measure, and the hour, of victory are with the ruling powers. As regards public meetings to put new life into Mr. Asquith and his colleagues, I am afraid they would not be allowed. Of course, we could defy the authorities—but that way lies revolution; and I will not lightly assume responsibility for that. We are at present between the devil of the Defence of the Realm Act and the deep sea of Government ineptitude. But so long as I am able to hold a pen I will do my part, at whatever risk, in arousing this country to the realities and the urgent necessities of the situation; and if we *cannot* wake up the Cabinet in any other way—well, then we will have our meetings and demonstrations and processions. The existing condition of things is positively heartbreaking. Why *aren't* we putting forth all our strength? *Why is it?*

PUBLIC INDIGNATION.

"Is there some great pro-German in high place?" Thus speaks one of my correspondents, whose letter I take at random from a stack of protests. Here is another: "We want an Air Fleet. Who dares to say No? We want Lord Fisher back in his proper place. Who dares to say No? We want our noble Navy and Army to have a glorious free hand, to *kill* Germans—to starve them with a blockade of rock, not a paper wall. Who dares to say No?" Another, a woman: "Urge Kitchener to move in the matter, to say who are the men who are hampering him, and send them '*à la lanterne*,' literally if you like; they deserve it. If he sits still under it, the country cannot help him, and he fails in his duty." Fisher, Kitchener—those are the names that leap to the lips of my countrymen. Never a politician—always the soldier and the sailor. You see, the people are beginning to understand that war is a soldier's and a sailor's job. And yet the politicians have stripped Kitchener of his military powers, *and to-day he is a soldier doing a civilian's job.* "The only thing I know I can do is to call a meeting, get a crowd round, and then read JOHN BULL'S article, 'Stop this Neutral Nonsense.'" Thus writes a working man—yes, if you like, an uneducated man; his writing tells one that, but his heart is strong for the fight, and his Yorkshire blood is warm within him. Here is another, who looks to the Minister for War for initiative and for valour in the prosecution of the war: "Let him have a free hand; he is one of the truest, bravest men on God's earth, incapable of working for self-interest or of petty meanness. Go into any town in England, and you will see mothers whose faces tell the tale of their loss; young women with children clinging to them, asking when daddy's coming back! Alas! never more will they see their daddy! Still the same thing goes on." This from Sackville Street, London: "It would be very pleasant to march in a mob to Whitehall and tell the damned politicians to clear out, and probably it could be done if the public were organised." One more quotation, and a longer one, from a reader at Frinton-on-Sea. It is the cry of hundreds of thousands:—

> The great majority of fathers and mothers of Britain have done their duty in giving up their loved ones to fight and die for country and home, suffering in silence, but sick at heart, knowing that such tremendous sacrifices have been made with such lamentable results, in the main caused by the deplorable blunders of a few highly paid politicians, many of whom appear to be afraid of their own shadows. And can we be surprised at this when the ghosts of tens of thousands of dead left at Gallipoli alone call out for vengeance? I gave up my only boy to the Army during the early months of the war; he went through hell itself in Gallipoli. The fathers of Britain do not object to give their sons for such a glorious cause as the defence of country and right. What we do object to is that such

tremendous sacrifices should be made, apparently, to no purpose—only a political gamble—caused by the unpardonable blunders of the Wait and See-ers. As a constant reader of your journal, I have rejoiced at the magnificent stand you have taken to help in defending the right and exposing the short-sightedness of those who should lead—but who, unfortunately, wait until they are driven to act by that portion of the public Press which dares to tell the truth and shame the Devil.

Now, I have quoted these letters to show the temper of our people. *Let the politician take note; let the Government realise that what is wanted is a bold policy—a fighting policy.*

WHY NOT DO IT?

The Government must understand that the nation is ready to back them in any methods, however drastic, to shatter the power of the enemy and bring this devastating war to an early and victorious close. I am sometimes asked what I would do. Well, I am neither a naval nor a military expert—*but I can understand a map when I see one.* And *my* plan is to shatter the Germhun by *sending monitors up the Scheldt and landing troops in Holland.* There should be no "neutrals" to day. Holland knows that if the Germhun were to win this war the peace of the world would be broken for a century and the march of civilisation stopped by the strangle hand of Death. This is not only our war; it is the world's war—the war of humanity against cruelty and lust—the war of God against the hordes of the Evil One. That cold and calculating "neutrality" which is expressed in terms of £ *s. d.* cannot be tolerated any longer. We can make a *real* Dardanelles of the Scheldt. "We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money, too!" The Navy is straining at the leash to come to grips Let us answer with reprisals. For gas we have given gas; for bombs we shall answer with bombs for the violating of the fair soil of Belgium let Holland answer with the use of the water which can master Antwerp, and permit an Army to be landed at her ports. Through the waters of the Scheldt and the ports of Belgium there is a short way to Berlin—a way to the rear of the arrogant hosts that hold a bleeding and despairing nation in their grasp. Such a naval and military policy would electrify the world and bring quick victory to the Allies. I know the Navy yearn to do their part, and by navigating the death-dealing monitors in those shallow waters blast the enemy out of Belgium's fair land. This is not a "gamble." There is nothing of the science that kills and the boldness that wills which should be denied to the Allies in waging relentless war If in the past months the fault of the Dutch has been "giving too little and asking too much," then here is their opportunity to repay.

When Germany first invaded Belgium, Holland should at once have thrown in her lot with Britain, France and Russia. It was as much the duty of the Dutch to help to protect Belgium as it was ours. But, instead of doing so, ever since the commencement of hostilities they have taken full advantage of the splendid work and noble sacrifice of *our* Fleet, which has kept the pathway of the seas open for their shipping, as well as for ours, and they have been selling the goods brought over these waterways to our most inveterate foe. Holland should be our ally or our enemy.

AN APPEAL TO HOLLAND.

Now, within the next seven days is the time to issue an appeal to Holland, and it should be couched in language so plain that every man can understand it. It must not be one of those damnable documents dear to the hearts of lawyers; but a plain, bluff, blunt statement that will leave no loophole for quibbling. An immediate reply should be asked for—definite and conclusive. We have a right to expect much of Holland—and our demand must be nothing less than Dutch permission for the free and untrammelled use of all her territory for a campaign that will enable us to get behind the German armies and force them to fight in the open. Holland should throw wide every port, and lay bare every river, and grant the use of every railway for the swift transport of troops, food and munitions; her low-lying coast should be at our disposal, and the disposal of our Allies—we must be free to strike when, where and how we will. As things now stand in the Western zone of war, Holland is the open gate to the short cut to victory, and she keeps it open or shut. Neither we nor our Allies want to annex one field or one farm, we want to dispossess them of none of their privileges as a sovereign nation; we want them upon our side—but if they will not come, we must prevent them from being upon the side of our enemies, and at the same time reaping all the benefits of peace. What is more, we must convince them conclusively that the time has arrived when they must play a great nation's part and accept their full share of responsibility. Greece hung back and shilly-shallied, playing into the German hands, until Serbia was crushed, then at the eleventh hour we demanded the use of her territory and ports for military and naval purposes; and as we did to Greece so we might do to Holland. Our action in the Middle East put a severe check upon our enemies' plans, enabling us to threaten his flank and cut his communications at any time; it was our most masterly piece of strategy since active operations commenced. If we make up our minds boldly, and act boldly and with decision, by striking through Holland we can change the whole face of the war in the West; for in that way, and that way only, we can threaten the great German army of the West on flank and rear, and compel it to evacuate Belgium and so bring the war into German territory, and repay with interest the infamies perpetrated in France, Serbia and Belgium—to say nothing of what air raiders have done in England. But we must act quickly; we must have no repetition of the Near East bungling. Our fault all along has been that the men who were at the helm were talkers—not doers. If Holland comes into this world conflict on our side, she will emerge with us strong and triumphant; and come in she must. We will see that she shall never regret it. Spring is coming—and the fruit is ripening fast.

SAVE GENERAL TOWNSHEND!

IS IT TO BE GORDON OVER AGAIN?—WILL YOU PERMIT IT?

By A. G. Hales.

Sacrifice without necessity is a crime against humanity. Is General Townshend, beleaguered in Kut, to be one of those epoch-making sacrifices that have so often stirred the pulse of nations? Are we to wait and see? Or will the big heart of the nation throb in time to the splendour of this man's daring? Will General Aylmer save him; *can* Aylmer save him? He may, but I greatly doubt it. Try and picture that dauntless Irish leader, out on the far edge of Empire, within sound of the rushing waters of the Tigris, swollen by unprecedented rains, hurling themselves seaward. To right and left, on front and flank, nothing but open desert and the sullen river fretting between its banks. . . . In front of him a host of foes, behind him nothing but a small relief column of adventurous men, attempting the achievement of the almost impossible; they are so few, so weak in everything except in their heritage of unflinching pluck. Their foes are like the desert sands; they know the country as a bird knows its nesting place. His line of communications with his far-off base is at the mercy of the desert raiders. His foes' lines of communication, long established, form an unbroken sequence of channels of supply and support. If the enemy is beaten in battle he can fall back upon fresh depots, rally new forces, replenish his artillery or ammunitions, and return to the onset; but Townshend must hang on to Kut till Aylmer comes, and after Aylmer arrives—what?

The Shame of It.

Kut was not the objective when Townshend's expedition was flung forward into the almost unknown. The Official Press Bureau is, seemingly, trying to create a false impression in the public mind by issuing bulletins which state that Townshend's force will leaguer in Kut and that no retreat is meditated. Retreat! When are we to hear the last of that most damnable word? It has not a British ring about it, nor an Irish ring, nor an Anzac ring. Even if Townshend and Aylmer were able to join forces, they could not retreat now with safety. Why lie to the public about "concentrating" at Kut? Townshend will concentrate at Kut as Gordon "concentrated" at Khartoum, and he and his may perish there as Gordon perished, to the undying shame of the Government of that day. Kitchener avenged Gordon; he spread the ashes of the Mahdi to the four winds of Heaven, and put an iron hand upon the Mahdi's followers. We do not want Kitchener to avenge Townshend. *We want Kitchener to save him.* The man was given an impossible task with the force at his command, and he achieved miracles. He has an eagle eye and a lion heart. I know him well; clever, dauntless, tireless, cheerful and debonair in the face of perils that would shake the nerve of most of the sons of men; he is too good, too great, too gallant to be butchered on the altar of Incapacity, whose high priests are a bunch of laymen who have had the audacity to usurp soldierly powers to gamble with the lives of heroes. Should Townshend go along the path that Gordon trod, into the valley of the shadow of Death, there will not be a guiltless man or woman in Britain if the nation does not stir itself and shake some soul, some imagination, some swift, unerring action, into the men whose shibboleth is "Wait and see."

Townshend is the man who held the Chitral forts, and in so doing wrote a glowing page upon our Empire's history. Do you know Townshend? He is the gallant warrior who, rushing at the head of his soldiers, leaped like a lion over the thorn-bestrewed barricades of the enemy's zareba at the battle of the Atbara. Ask any of the old Kilties, who charged like a storm at his heels that day, why they worshipped him—and they will tell you that, rich as Britain has been and is in leaders who knew no fear, she never bred a braver son than this man now beleaguered in Kut. And he has genius, too, the genius that sees a rift in a cloud when others are dreaming only of the thunderbolt; and his genius and his never-failing nerve may pull him through, even when disaster seems to be riding on his back. His name has never loomed large in the limelight; he never courted popularity. Born to be a leader of forlorn hopes, he loved all danger for the danger's sake, and could laugh with lightsome zest even in the teeth of the enemies' guns; but his head was ice in the councils, as his heart was a flood of flame in the headlong rush of the charge. Can we sit still and see such a man shambled, he and the splendid lads who are with him? Have we so many men of genius and of heroic mould that we can sit with folded hands and murmur—Kismet? There is to be no present retreat from Kut, the Press Bureau says, and smugly rubs its fat stomach, where its brains lie. Men like Townshend do not *want retreats*—that is not their ideal of British soldier-craft; "Upward and onward" was ever Townshend's motto, and he has lived up to it, and if need be will die acting up to it. But, oh, the pity of it, when Hell would be richer for the presence of twenty of the council of twenty-two who sent him forth half-manned and ill-equipped!

A Word to the Minister for War.

My Lord, *you* must not let this abominable thing happen. If it does happen, your enemies will pile the blame on your shoulders, and pour the blood of that gallant man and his devoted band upon *your* head. I know, and they may know, that blame does *not* lie at your door, excepting in this degree—you accepted a place in the Cabinet and look upon the Premier as your chief, and your life-long habit of discipline has made you bend when you should rather have broken than bent. The public do not know this; the public think you have the yea and nay in all appointments, and in all movements of military forces. You have no such power, but the public would give it you if you asked for it—for your little finger is thicker than the loins of any other man on the so-called War Council. War Council! Any one of them might lead a Chancery suit to the Bankruptcy Court, but not one of them could lead a squad of infantry through a field of corn. Let this be my last word to you, my Lord. You avenged Gordon—save Townshend. Do you lack men for a living and virile corps for the job? Lift up your voice in Ireland and they will come like a storm; they know that name and love it in the Green Isle. Speak the word, and every son of Anzac and of Canada now in Britain will fight for a place in such a task. Call the men of Wales, of Scotland, of old England, and you will have an answer that will show you how deeply the people feel about Townshend and his splendid lads beleaguered on the banks of the Tigris.

But we must have no shameful sacrifice.

A CALL TO VENGEANCE.

LET LOOSE THE "ENGLISH WOLVES."

BY A CLERGYMAN.

"Whoever helps our people to hate the enemy with a blazing and thunderous hatred is doing a worthy deed and rendering his country a signal service."—WILLIAM WATSON.

Among the sinister, grotesque and murderous beings who have defiled the world and degraded the Divine image in man, history has accorded to Philip II. of Spain a hideous eminence. This wretch, whose blood-lust and delight in poignant human anguish might well let him serve as a worthy prototype of the arch-dastard of Potsdam, may, nevertheless, furnish us across the centuries with a hint worth taking. Having failed by bribes to pervert the stainless honour of the immortal Prince of Orange (of whom, by the way, Theosophists assert Albert of Belgium is now a reincarnation) and induce him to betray his country, Philip proceeded to issue against him a ban, in which occur the words: "We expose the said William Nassau as an enemy of the human race"—followed by an offer of 25,000 crowns in gold for the said William, alive or dead. If the subtle and perverted ingenuity of a loathsome despot could proceed to this extremity against one of the noblest men the world then contained, with what unanswerable justification might it not be adopted now against the accursed being whose very breath is a poison to the world's true life? If ever there was a time in the history of Britain when the end might be said to justify the means, that time is the present. The Kaiser is the head of a nation of outlaws, and is himself an outlaw, a murderer and a coward. For this being, who has inflicted such measureless woe on his fellow creatures, is said to squirm vehemently himself when in the dentist's chair.

OUTLAWED OF GOD AND MAN.

Talk of "the divinity that doth hedge a king"! The only aureole on the brow of this man is the aureole of the infernal pit. We have been too squeamish in this war. Is conventionality and respectability to compel us to an all-unequal fight against a despicable and a dastard foe, who observes no law of God or man? Where in the world can be found a fairer opponent than a Briton in an honourable stand-up fight? But there are terribly foul blows which no Briton would hesitate to deal the garotter, the midnight murderer and marauder. Surely, then, every ethical consideration may be legitimately flung to the winds when fighting so foul a race of barbarians as the Germans.

Only a national, universal roar of defiance and answering ferocity will convince these Yahoos that we are in earnest. So long as we are too "respectable"—too stupidly soft, that is, to repay them in kind—so long will these obscene bipeds secretly jeer at us, and openly continue their unspeakable devilries. Let the fires of a righteous hatred burst forth throughout the Empire. Let this war be henceforth waged as a terror-inspiring war of vengeance and slaughter. Let the hell-hounds of Germany now be made to realise that British blood is at boiling point—that we, too, have, if driven to use them, resources of "frightfulness" such as will make the faces of German dastards grow pale indeed.

We were called of old "the English wolves." Let us show our fangs. Let every heart be steeled against mercy. Let the drivellers who plead for kindness to Germany be placed in asylums. Kill the German reptiles by every means in our power, and let no mouldy scrupulosity restrain us, but a tigerish fury kindle like a prairie fire in the hearts and veins and minds and souls of our men on land and sea. Let every resource of science; every shilling needed; every brain cell; every ounce of muscle in each individual body, be concentrated on the task. Yes—damn the drink question—damn Society functions—damn everything, except the task of damning and blasting for all time the arch-devil of Potsdam, the gang of murderers who surround him, and the legions of ferocious, pitiless rapers, burners, torturers, and baby-stabbers who obey his "Imperial" Hell-inspired will!

When British soldiers gazed into the well at Cawnpore, it is said the foam gathered on their lips; it should be on all British lips now. Americans remembered the *Maine* to some purpose. Shall the memory of the *Lusitania*, with its hecatomb of murdered men, women and children, fade from the minds of Britons in a few weeks? Let the arch-fiend of this world be brought to justice. Let his banner, now removed from St. George's Chapel, be spat on and defiled. Let our fury rise and rise till it scorch and destroy like a burning sirocco the accursed German hordes. Truly the world will be sweeter when this foul product of Hell lies a corpse. Infinitely too merciful for him the death by bomb or bullet, but by any and every means let the world be freed from the monster, the moral leper, the procurer to the lords of Hell. Unsheathe, then, the sword of vengeance. Cast away "the pestilent cant of a flabby amiability."

Hate THE ENEMY!

Stamp out the lie, "We do not hate Germany." We *do*, with a poisonous, flaming hatred that will live and glow for centuries. "Eyes Front!" fixed on one object alone, the beating down, the killing, not scotching, the smashing into pulp of these cobras and pythons—these unparalleled reptiles. Away with generosity, forbearance, toleration, "allowances," and foolish so-called national self-respect. Blood calls for blood. Let the thunder growl, deep and ominous, of approaching vengeance be heard. No quarter—kill! Death to the torturers, the obscene ghouls, the blood-drunk, lust-beslimed demons, the slayers of women, the murderers of helpless civilians, the crucifiers of babes. Toil amid flame and smoke, oh working men! as ye never toiled before; turn out in myriads the blasting, shattering shells that shall carry the whirlwinds of death into the ranks of the accursed Huns.

Are *we* down-hearted? The Empire thunders "No!" Just settling down to our never-to-be-relinquished task. The bulldog's teeth are in the body of that sorry carrion bird, the German Eagle, and never will his grip be released till the creature lies gasping in the throes of a mortal agony. Dauntless our bravery, endless our resources, limitless our wealth. Oh, great and glorious Empire of Britain, shall a nation of cutthroats destroy you? Oh, Englishmen—"God's Englishmen," as Milton called you, shall this foul race, belched to the affliction of the world from Hell's lowest deeps, withstand you? The imperial race of Britons yield to the scoundrelism of the world? To arms, ye brave! Be roused, oh British nation, to tremendous wrath Forward, ye great avenging host—and the God of Battles be with you and crown your splendid labour with a glorious reward!

CARRY ON!

THE ENEMY IN THE GATE.

By Norman Tiptart.

When this country was first committed to war, the ordinary man was somewhat staggered.

War in Europe was a thing outside his reckoning, however much he might have been warned about it. It was not long, however, before he recovered his balance, and from then till now his confidence in the final issue has never really wavered.

When Turkey joined the Central Powers it was a nasty jar to his complacency, but he soon got over it, while the coming in of Bulgaria hardly touched him. He has, in fact, now reached the belief of the writer of the verse on the cover of his weekly journal.

Somehow, he is sure that at the long last we shall win, and a few enemies more or less don't count.

That is his feeling as far as his foes without are concerned; but when it comes to the foes in his own household, his feeling undergoes a radical change.

Forgiveness for Fair Foes.

We are not vindictive. We may even in time forgive the German. Certainly we shall not long cherish animosity against the Bulgar, the Turk and the Austrian; but what of the man who calls himself British, who accepts the protection of Britain's army and Britain's navy, and who spends his time in reviling both?

What of the men who oppose conscription, but declined to help in voluntary recruiting? What of the little coteries of internationalists, pacifists, friends of every country but their own, lovers of Prussianism in Germany, but agitators against efficient organisation in England—what of these?

They are not numerous; they are not amenable to reason; they are not to be quieted by prosecution. In default of hanging each and every one of them—which would be the only really effective method of silencing them—the only thing to do is to carry on just as though they were not there.

They do not really matter.

They are as irritating as the insects in the trenches—and they affect the result about as much.

When we read in a paper purporting to represent the workers that "we stand where we did before the war, and that under no circumstances will we tolerate conscription with its consequent enslavement of the workers," we need not let it trouble us. The only people who are where they were eighteen months ago are—*the dead.*

Party has Perished!

Those of us who are alive are no longer Liberals or Tories, Nationalists or Internationalists, Free Traders or Tariff Reformers, Socialists or Anti-Socialists; *we are just Britons.* There is no room amongst us for the old isms and parties and sects. After the war, we may, perhaps indulge in the luxury of a sham fight, we may play at politics after the manner of the old times—but, to-day division is dead and Party is damned.

Let the Pro-Germans pass pious resolutions, and the peacemongers cry their ancient shibboleths—what does it matter? Through country village and busy city, by rustic highway and town street, there marches an army,—an army that does not pass resolutions or discuss internationalism, that knows nothing of politics and less of highfalutin sentimentalism, but that remembers grimly Belgium and Serbia; that has not forgotten the *Lusitania*, nor the murder of Edith Cavell.

The army is the army of the ordinary man.

Carry On!

BOMBS FOR HOLIDAY RESORTS.

ALL ABOUT THE RECENT RAID.

If this had been the holiday season we should have said that the Germhun seaplanes which dropped bombs on Broadstairs the other day had fell designs on either the bathing-machines or the band; being February, it is hard to think what they could be after, unless to destroy its fortifications and upset its naval base. Whatever the object, the circumstances were drearily like all the other circumstances in which these aerial assassins have previously visited holiday resorts thereabouts. That is to say, they came in the middle of the afternoon—when our own aviators are taking their constitutional nap, or off duty, or busily engaged interviewing a man about a dog, or something of that sort—threw their bombs below with leisurely grace, and then flew back home.

Dropping a Card.

When the Germhun Zeppelins are coming, the War Office and the Admiralty authorities know all about it hours in advance, but would rather keep the visit a strict secret; when the Germhun aeroplanes are coming they don't know anything about it, and therefore everybody else is welcome to know—after they have come. On this occasion there was a man who actually perceived them with his own eyes as soon as they reached the North Foreland; it would have been a miracle if he had not seen them, because the North Foreland is sort of up one street and Broadstairs down the other. Well, the North Foreland man reported his vision to the aviation authorities; which is presumably why these authorities were not there at the time. (There are absurd rumours that somebody had cut the string which attaches the bedroom alarm clock at the aviation station to the knocker-up at North Foreland.) The point we wish to emphasise is—that as soon as the Germhun aviators had dropped their bombs, killed a woman and a child, seriously disturbed a school, alarmed the sentry, startled a policeman, and shaken the fortifications and the naval base to their foundations—"a number of naval and military aeroplanes ascended to attack the raiders, who, however, retreated at once, and no engagement is reported." So says the War Office in its best official style. That is what we call a great shame.

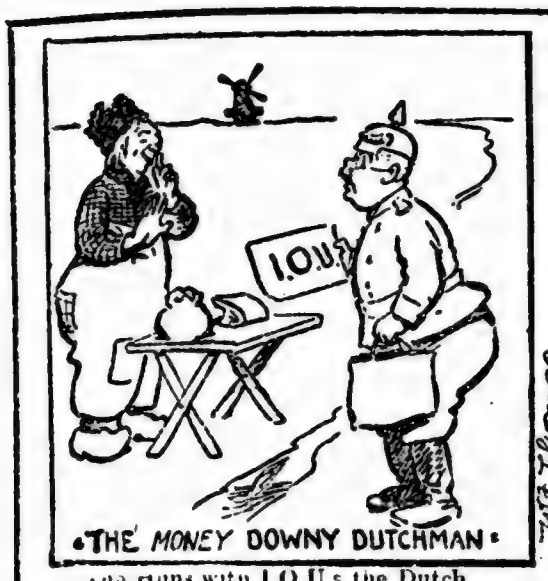
De Trop Visits.

If the raiders had only dropped bombs and loafed around the sun till our naval and military aeroplanists had got out of bed and rubbed their eyes and pulled on their trousers, all would have been well—at least an engagement might have been reported, though the War Office has never reported one yet. We do not fly ourselves, as a habit, and therefore cannot speak as experts, but if the War Office yearns to report an engagement, just for a change, would not it be better to suggest to the directors of "a number of our naval and military aeroplanes" to go scouting skywards for a few hours these fine, healthy mornings and pleasant afternoons, with the object of having an engagement a mile or two out at sea? When one little lot got tired or suffered with weak eyes it could come down, and another little lot could go up with a similar object. If this were done systematically, day-by-day in pleasant weather, who knows but that they would get all the engagements they wanted, and peradventure make the catch of the season into the bargain? Certainly it would do no harm to give this system a trial, say, next week and a few weeks henceforth. So much sleep is not good for the health, either of British aviators or anybody else.

The best is indispensable. Have a "John Bull" Pen.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."



"THE *MONEY* DOWNY DUTCHMAN."

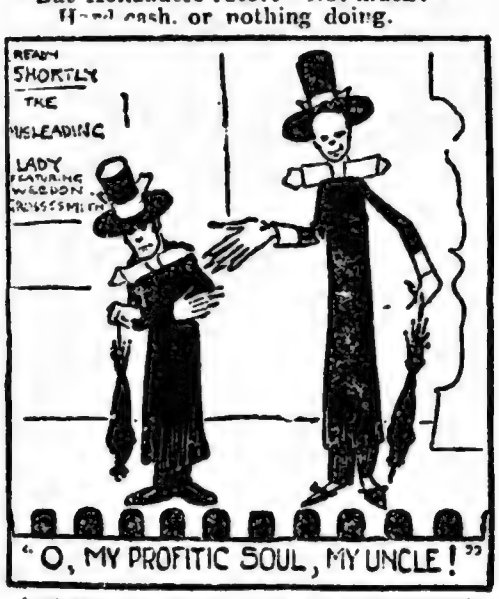
The Huns with I.O.U.s the Dutch
Persistently are wooing;
But Hollanders retort "Not much!"
Hard cash, or nothing doing.

"CALLED BY THE CHAMBERLAIN."

Still as Lord Derby sleeps, will he awake
To Birmingham's loud calling,
And instant preparations make
To give the Zeppelins a mauling?

"PEACE!—AFTER THIS?"

Through the cold medium of the Pope
Peace terms have been suggested
To Belgium by the Huns, who hope
Albert can thus be bested

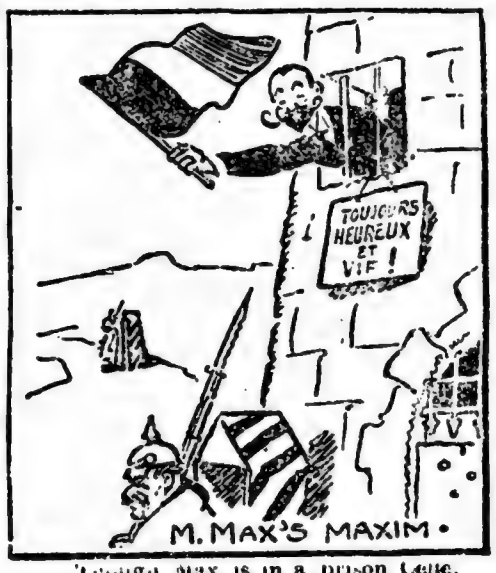


"O, MY PROFITIC SOUL, MY UNCLE!"

George Grossmith, with his compliments,
On a forthcoming gay day,
His uncle, Weedon G., presents
In "The Misleading Lady."

"BULL'S BOMBSHELLS."

A Labour Minister's the last
Official to be mooted;
Well might John Bull exclaim "Avast!
Why should I thus be looted?"



M. MAX'S MAXIM.

Though Max is in a prison cell,
We learn with great delight
Bergomaster's keeping well
And merry, also bright!

NASTY LOVEDROPS.

IMMODEST SUGGESTION TO LADY PRIZE-WINNER.

A young lady was highly pleased when she saw her name and address announced as a prize-winner in our "Bullets" competition, but a few days after through the post came a slip of blue paper printed in these immodest terms:—

"Lovedrops."—Acts instantly on both sexes, absolutely safe and harmless, pure and legitimate. Never fails to make your sweetheart go absolutely wild over you. Complete Instructions mailed sealed to any address given, on how to make them up for a few pence at home in one moment. (Ingredients procurable everywhere). All for 1s. 6d. Money back if not more than delighted with first results. Address, Reilly, 34, Meath Street, Dublin.

The name of Reilly and his (or her) address are added in writing to the printed invitation with its underlying suggestiveness. The whole communication is a most improper one; to post it to strange ladies is a misuse of the mails, and Reilly, of Meath Street, must cease these indelicate and shameless practices. It is, perhaps, significant that the stamp on the envelope is placed upside-down, and in a slanting position. We are told that this is a message in the "language of stamps," and means "a kiss." If so, it is an added insult. The back of the envelope also furnishes matter of interest, for on the flap is an ornate coat-of-arms. We present the news to the Inland Revenue Department.

SUGAR.

Oh, girlie mine, forgive the news
This letter shyly states;
To break it gently—I must cease
To buy you chocolates!
Now, don't blame me, but blame the war—
For Wilhelm's worse than Kruger,
And fighting him means that, for once,
We're running short of sugar.

I must not buy you any sweets!
Now doesn't that seem comical?
But sugar is so precious, and
We must be economical;
Your cup of tea, that irrigates
Your pretty, thirsty throttle,
Must be unsweetened, like the stuff
In mother's private bottle.

No lump of sugar in my glass!
It sends me off my crumpet,
For though I do not like it, yet
I mustn't even lump it!
Well, let the sugar go.—'Tis gone,
But still joy is complete,
For you, my girlie, yet remain—
My one, my only, sweet!

RICHARD MORTON.

We have paid nearly 300 air raid claims. **See page ii of cover.**

THE WARRIOR AND HIS WHISKY.

TEETOTAL TYRANNY OF A SCOTCH BAILIE.

A short time ago we would have bet long odds that one of the queerest examples of extant human species was the English Justice-of-the-Peace; this week finds us heavily hedging in favour of the Scots Bailie in time of war. By no means an unusual type of him is the Bailie Stewart, bobbing up for public exhibition in the Marine Court at Glasgow. What actually is the matter with the Bailie is not disclosed in the roll of court, but the other day a policeman brought before him a soldier, whom he averred he had found drunk and incapable. Now neither this soldier nor any other soldier has any right to be found drunk and incapable; in the first place it is not good for his health, and in the second place it is very bad for his pocket. But this particular warrior had been for a long time in the trenches. There, doubtless, a grateful country and thoughtful friends had administered unto him Somebody's pure cocoa, and Somebody Else's lovely tea and Another's miraculous milk, to say nothing of the ox in a tea-cup and lemon trees in a tabloid. He had probably become "fed up" with them, to use a phrase of the street. Thus did he yearn for the true wine of the country; and not only he, for those he left behind in the trenches said unto him that they also would like a wee drappie, if he could manage it.

A Rough Night on Land.

Arriving in Glasgow, one of the first things he seems to have done was to get a load aboard; rejoicing in him as a hero safe returned, his relatives and friends may have assisted his efforts to that end in the fulness of their hearts. And it came to pass that when in due season the P.C. McTavish gathered in the Wee Macgregor fallen by the way, he found concealed about the person of the hero of many a good fight eight bottles of whisky, with which he was on his way to the trenches when he was suddenly overcome by the heat of the day or the burden of the night; he was overcome, anyway. By the time he arrived in court the next morning the Wee McGregor was himself again, and he explained to Bailie Stewart, there to judge his sins and iniquities, that "he arrived in the city direct from the trenches on short furlough. Before he left, several of his companions clubbed together and gave him sufficient money to buy the whisky, which he was to bring back with him if possible. He took the first opportunity of fulfilling the commission." The Bailie Stewart found the charge against the Wee McGregor proved, and admonished him accordingly. Nobody can quarrel with that part of the wrath and the judgment; but the Bailie Stewart went on to say that the Wee McGregor could take back to the trenches any yarn he liked; the eight bottles of the wine of Bonnie Scotland would be confiscated, and on the application of the police he conferred them on "the authorities of Stobhill Hospital."

A Sair Scot.

Bailie Stewart would not have confiscated the bottles if they had been filled with balloon juice or cold tea; and as they did not belong to the State, or the municipality, or the police, or anybody on earth except the Wee MacGregor himself as purchaser and carrier for distant friends, the Bailie was not justified in confiscating them and decorating the authorities of Stobhill Hospital with them because they were filled with whisky, however deserving or however thirsty those authorities may be. In a word, the Bailie Stewart is teetotally illogical, null, void, and *ultra vires* from his d[illegible] of thought to his *os calcis*; and if a Scots Bailie can be more than that we will eat our hat. If the Wee MacGregor's property could be confiscated in such circumstances, then it should follow that anybody else's property, liquid or solid, whisky or wine, cash or cocoa, should be confiscated in similar circumstances also. The Bailie Stewart himself might even drop down in a dead faint, and on the precedent of his own decision some other Bailie might relieve him of his watch and pocket book and present them to the authorities of the workhouse or the gaol. The Scottish Appeal Courts would put his head under a pump if called upon to do so.

FATHER AND BENEFIT MONEY.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR FOR THE A.S.E.

The Amalgamated Society of Engineers announces in the press "that relatives of each fallen soldier are entitled to £12." It does not announce that, when the money has been paid, the Society or its Agents sometimes asks for it back, and gets it. This has occurred in one remarkable instance. The fallen soldier, killed at Suvla Bay, was a Territorial who enlisted on August 5th, 1914, doing his duty at the very first. He was a lad of only 20, and had joined the Society on September 8th, 1913. He was a fully-paid-up member until he went soldiering, but not quite of 12 months' standing. The father, anxious to keep his son straight on the books, made inquiries about his weekly contributions, and was informed by the President of the local branch that he need not bother about them, as "the Society was taking them over and keeping them good on the books."

Nothing could be clearer, and everything seemed as it should be. Then came the fatal telegram announcing the passing of a fine young life, on August 7th, 1915. The President then told the father that £12 was due to him, for "Funeral Benefits." This was paid by the Secretary, "on his own account," as he said, "before he got permission from the Executive in London." Some days later he called upon the father, and said he should have to repay the money out of his own pocket unless it was returned to him, explaining that he had made a mistake in paying it, as the fallen hero was not a free member—*i.e.*, he had not been a member for 52 weeks. This was in accordance with a new rule, issued to the branches in June, 1915, about eleven months after the lad joined, and nearly as long after the father had offered to pay all dues and to keep them paid.

The father, being an honourable man, and not wishing to see the Secretary the loser, handed the money back to that gentleman, trusting to the A.S.E. and its sense of justice. The next thing was a letter from that Secretary, stating that he had done with the matter, and that any further application must be made to the Executive Council in London. Such application has been duly made, twice or thrice, but never an answer has been vouchsafed. Of what value, then, is the published boast by the A.S.E. that "the relatives of each fallen soldier are entitled to £12"? Surely there was never a clearer case than that of his father, who was high-minded enough to return the money, to save the Secretary's skin and pocket, because he thought he could rely on the honour of the A.S.E. Was he a Quixotic fool when he acted like a gentleman?

A GLUTTON FOR LAW.

MONSTROUS ABUSE OF COUNTY COURT PROCESS.

"Loss of memory" was suggested by the defending solicitor as a possible explanation of the extraordinary conduct of a plaintiff at the Wandsworth County Court, where Mr. F. J. Ryan, of Eglantine Road, sued Mr. G. W. Roche, an auctioneer, of Battersea Rise, for one week's rent of a lock-up shop and store. From the replies of the plaintiff to the formal questions of the Registrar, it transpired that Mr. Ryan had called for the week's rent due on a given date, and finding that the money was not ready for him as usual, had gone the very next day and taken out a summons for the amount. This hasty procedure was the more remarkable from the fact that there were no arrears due, the defendant being, as Mr. Ryan obligingly explained to the Court, "one of his most regular paying tenants." In these circumstances, the Registrar, who "did not understand the case," had no hesitation in entering judgment for the defendant, but, unfortunately, he seems to have found no words to rebuke the plaintiff's abuse of the processes of law. We have obtained a clue to the motives of Mr. Ryan, and while we have no wish to go back upon old scores, we shall not fail to deal faithfully with this gentleman should his behaviour call for further comment.

The Pen of perfection is the "John Bull" Pen.

TRUE BLUE.

"KIND HEARTS ARE MORE THAN CORONETS."

Seldom do we publish details of a piteous case without generous readers coming, unasked, to the rescue. For instance, we recounted, under the heading of "Hammersmith's Shame," the harsh treatment which had been meted out by the officials of that Borough to a soldier absent at the Front. Despite the fact that his wife had, out of her Government allowance of 12s. 6d. a week, managed to pay £3 off rates amounting to £5 17s. 4d., the local Bench actually made an Order committing the brave fellow to prison on his return home. A great outcry has naturally followed this disclosure of monstrous official ingratitude and hard-heartedness; and, in addition to sympathetic letters, we are glad to be able to say that sums of money amounting to over £7 have been received by us for the benefit of the soldier and his wife. The callous intention of the Magistrates and Town Clerk will therefore be frustrated.

In an earlier issue we published an article dealing with an even sadder case—that of Mary Jones, wife of a soldier away with his regiment, sentenced on inconclusive evidence to a month's imprisonment by the Ruabon Magistrates for "receiving" a coat which had been stolen. When the news reached Private Jones, he hurried home to intercede with the Bench, but found that the Sessions were over. Returning broken-hearted to his duty, he fell ill and was carried off by a stroke of apoplexy—his poor wife, in gaol, being unable to attend the funeral. She has two brothers serving with the Colours, whilst her father, advanced in years, is out of employment. Her mother, however, bravely took charge of the seven little ones left behind practically destitute when Mrs. Jones was dragged to gaol. Naturally, to do so meant running into debt. From the local branch of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association a letter has been received stating that the Patriotic Fund will not give her a grant, as her husband's death was "not in any way due to military service." The poor fellow died on Christmas Day, and since then not a penny has been received in respect of the Government separation allowance!

Mrs. Jones has now been released, having served the whole of her sentence, but on regaining her liberty was naturally at her wits' end to support her large family of youngsters and herself, her entire means of livelihood having thus been cut off. However, we are pleased to be able to say that a distinguished King's Counsel, seeing our reference to the matter, has come to the rescue. The sentence having been completed, he considers it is not worth while entertaining the idea of appealing, although "it would be satisfactory to see justice done." He has, however, generously sent us £5 to pay the accumulated accounts and set the family on its feet again.

HOLBORN HARPIES.

OLD DODGERS AT A NEW ADDRESS.

"The Holborn Silk Market," the style adopted by Samuel Lewis and Co., has now removed from 58, High Holborn—not 56, as given to us by a recent victim, that number being in the occupation of a well-known firm of gas and electric light fittings manufacturers, who naturally have no connection whatever with so shady a concern—to No. 10 in the same thoroughfare. It cannot, however, be said that Lewis's have gone to "larger and more commodious premises," as they still occupy but one small room, where callers find a locked door confronting them. At one time, as our readers may remember, Samuel Lewis was a name to conjure with in the trade; but when misfortune overtook the old firm, certain dishonest individuals commenced to exploit its aforetime reputation, in order to obtain money for goods which are not sent. The latest we hear is that they are flitting again!

NOT DRUNK, BUT DYING.

HOSPITAL SURGEON JUSTLY CENSURED.

Because "his breath smelt of alcohol, as also did some liquid which the deceased had vomited," Dr. W. E. Wade, of the Charing Cross Hospital, handed over a patient, then alive, to the tender mercies of the police, first authorising a student to sign a form which would enable a charge of drunkenness to be preferred. The victim of these cavalier attentions was William Ernest Reed, a butler in service at Bexley, Kent, who had been found in an insensible condition at Charing Cross Railway Station. From the hospital, Reed was taken to Bow Street Police Station, where, because he was "dazed, incoherent, and made no reply on being charged," he was still thought to be very drunk, and consigned to a cell for a few hours, in order that he might "sleep it off." Next morning, being still in a semi-conscious state, he was "walked round the yard a bit," but this remedy failing, the limit of police therapeutics had been reached, and it was thought advisable to transfer the patient to the Westminster Infirmary, where for the first time it seems to have occurred to somebody that the poor fellow might not be drunk after all. In the opinion of Dr. D. S. Sandiland, the man was suffering from "severe cerebral disorder." After lying for some days in a state of coma, varied by periodic convulsions, he had the temerity to die, thus putting the police to the trouble of cancelling the charge of drunkenness which, at the instigation of Dr. Wade, they had put in formal train. At length a post-mortem examination was held, and at the subsequent inquest at Chelsea, Dr. Sandiland was able to state that the deceased had all the time been suffering, not from the effects of alcohol, but from a fractured skull. How the man had come by the fracture it was, of course, impossible to state, but it is to be noted that the state of the body after death afforded no indications of alcoholic indulgence. In these circumstances, the jury returned a verdict of "accidental death," with a rider stating that, in their judgment, drink had had no part in the fatality; while for their share in the tragedy, the hospital authorities were sharply censured by the Coroner, whose observations will be generally endorsed. The idea of collusion between hospital doctors and the police, for the purpose of establishing charges of drunkenness, is not a pleasant one, and in the present case it is clear that the responsible medical officer, while exceeding his duty in one direction, had sadly misconceived it in another.

A LANCASHIRE DOCTOR ON "JOHN BULL."

(Communicated).

Both JOHN BULL and its Editor have been the recipients of some real Lancashire compliments from Dr. Arthur Derham, of Walkden, near Manchester. Speaking at the annual meeting of the Walkden Conservative Club, on Tuesday night, February 1st, the genial doctor, in the course of a rather searching analysis of the Government's conduct of the war, said they had all heard of JOHN BULL. It was beginning to exert a tremendous and far-reaching effect and influence on the people of this country. He saw the paper in hundreds of houses in Walkden and adjoining localities, and he heard its views and denunciations quoted with gusto and relish by people of various shades of opinion. He himself was a regular and assiduous reader of it. Mr. Bottomley, the editor of the paper, continued the medico, was coming to be regarded as a kind of Messiah by many English people—his incisive and forceful articles on "men and matters" in relation to the war being read and evidently believed in by an ever-growing circle of English men and women who were ready to swear by Bottomley and his doctrines. He (the doctor) was interested in the propaganda initiated by JOHN BULL for the formation of a Business Government. He would like to see a number of men who had built up successful businesses, but had retired from them, given some share in the government of the country.

Make "Bullets" and make Money.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To the Right Hon. Earl Kitchener.

DEAR MY LORD,—Like to hear a funny story? During the last raid a Zepp. sailed over a certain village in the Midlands. Having bombed a neighbouring town, it made its way back again, and very circumstantial accounts were current of the infernal contrivance having come down about three miles away, though nobody knew what it had descended for. So positive were the messengers, my Lord, that the local Inspector of Police—for goodness' sake do not let him know that I told you—decided to sally forth and capture the Zepp. and all its murderous crew. To this beneficent end he commandeered a County Councillor's motor-car. Anticipating a full evening's amusement, the Councillor inquired whether the police were armed. They were, said the Inspector for himself and a constable; being assured on this point by having a revolver thrust into his stern and steady hand, he took the wheel, turned off the lights, and the works did the rest. In due course they all arrived at the spot, there to find that the report was incorrect. The Zepp. had not come down; at most it had only sailed low ere it mounted again into the blue. Then it was that the deadly three examined the weapons—and, behold, the County Councillor's revolver was without ammunition, and the police officers were armed with—cutlasses! As your Lordship's department has taken charge of Zepp. raids in this country, perhaps you will suggest to its experts that, in order to save unnecessary bloodshed in our villages in case they should actually meet a stranded Zeppelin crew in the future, police officers and County Councillors shall be armed with toothpicks. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. S. R. Rimmer, Rector of Mercett, Uppingham

REV. SIR,—So far as I have been able to ascertain by reference to those who have a preference for the entertainment, there is no reason why a man should not bet on horses, or even on asses, if his morals and his circumstances are equal to paying up when he loses. In fact, rev. sir, this is the whole and sole gospel of common-sense and common honesty governing betting of any description; and had I not perceived that you have been pleading the Gaming Act as a defence to your losses on the turf, though you do not appear to have ever pleaded it against receiving considerable gains, I should certainly have credited you, as a gentleman in holy orders, with understanding the basic principles. As a defence in law it is irresistible; as a defence in religion and morals it is shocking. To own up, pay up, and shut up is, I am officially informed, the true test of the sportsman with money on his fancy, and I have no reason whatever to doubt the information; indeed, one of the best authors has probably a text about it somewhere, but as to this I am not prepared to make a bet with you. If I win, I may not get the money. JOHN BULL.

To an Unnamed Minister of Religion.

REVEREND SIR,—I wish your name and deed could be shouted from the housetops, but the Press Bureau will not allow the papers to tell the world where the Zeppelin murderers have killed and maimed, and so I can only applaud your conduct and wonder who you are. You read the burial prayers over the graves of three children, and you, a Nonconformist Minister, were wearing an armlet. When you saw what *Kultur* has done for the world you realised that the greatest service you could do the God you serve was to help to exterminate the posts; and so you joined the Army. You were the first person, the day after the raid, to go down to the recruiting office. I honour you for setting so splendid an example to the quivering Quakers, the palpitating Pacifists, and all those "conscientious" cowards who are ready to benefit from the struggle for right, but are afraid to fight. JOHN BULL.

To Messrs. Pool and Miller, House Agents, Shrewsbury.

"GENTLEMEN,"—I am wondering what kind of creatures you are. By the statement of Colonel Doyle, Military Authority for the Shrewsbury area, I learn that you refused to let a cottage to a soldier's wife—because she *was* a soldier's wife. Three months' rent in advance was offered; the man, when a civilian, and his wife had occupied a cottage of yours; and the rent was never in arrear. You had not a word to say against her—but you simply would not have her on your books because her husband had enlisted! Colonel Doyle, utterly failing to understand the story, himself called on you, interviewed one of the partners in your firm, and was flatly told, "We don't take soldiers' wives." "Truly," said the Colonel, "one could almost wish that Messrs. Pool and Miller"—your un-sweet selves—"could be under the heel of the Prussian jack-boot for a month or two." There is no doubt you deserve the Order of the Boot, toe as well as heel—and, as Colonel Doyle has reported your action to the Lord Lieutenant, I am hoping you will meet with your deserts. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Alderman Swanwick, Wallasey.

SIR,—I don't know whether you, like Shakespeare's Alderman, are the proud possessor of a "fair, round belly, with fat capon lined," but it is very evident that you have the brains of a slippered pantaloon. Otherwise you would not have made such an egregious ass of yourself as to oppose the drilling of attested men in the park on Sunday mornings and afternoons, on the ground that the martial proceedings would have a disturbing effect on the Sunday school children of Wallasey. Are preparations for the defeat of the unspeakable Huns, who have lately been glutting their lust for murder by blasting innocent women and children into eternity, to be neglected because they are likely to impart a little healthy and patriotic excitement to the Wallasey children's otherwise drab Sundays? JOHN BULL.

To the Lord Bishop of London, Fulham Palace

MY LORD BISHOP,—Whilst I appreciate much of the work you are doing in connection with the war, I do wish you would not every now and then lapse into such nonsense. The other day, for instance, you said, "What a disgrace it is that we have not had so much immorality in London for twenty years as we have now." And then you added, "I could prove that by statistics which would make you blush." I respectfully challenge you to prove such statistics, and I promise not to blush. At the same time, you went on to talk about our having "a national drink bill of 170 millions." Have you ever taken the trouble to analyse that figure, and to ascertain how much of it actually represents drink? I am afraid statistics are not in your line. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir Samuel Evans, President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division.

MY LORD,—I am glad to see that you have so far recovered from your recent accident as to be able, in novel fashion, to conduct Prize Court proceedings at your private residence. The spectacle of Judge and Counsel in fireside consultation, with your little daughter as unofficial "Assessor," must have been quite a romantic one; and although it is a far cry from the incidents of ocean warfare to the amenities of a West End drawing-room, I have no doubt that the business in hand was well and truly discharged. I hope you are none the worse for the effort and will soon be about again. JOHN BULL.

To General J. C. Smuts.

DEAR GENERAL,—There is a peculiar fitness in your appointment to the East African command, and I venture to hope that your appearance in the field may herald the concluding stages of this long-drawn-out campaign. You will have the assistance not only of Imperial troops, but of a loyal South African contingent, in whose voluntary recruitment you have taken a leading part. In rounding up the guerilla levies of the Huns you will find a task suited to your talents. JOHN BULL.

Aids after Raids. **See page ii of cover.**

TAKING AND QUAKING.

*("Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."—*MATTHEW vi., 3.)

THE QUAKER WHO IS TAKING, AND THE TAKER WHO IS QUAKING.

SLIPPERY SOLUTIONISTS.

BANG GOES THE NIMBLE HALF-CROWN.

Readers interested in newspaper competitions may remember our recent exposure of the "Ellessdee" Publishing Company, a one-man "solutionist" concern, operating from an address in Great New Street, London, E.C. We have now seen several copies of "Ellessdee"—"the great weekly Competition Journal," which at the date of our article was due for publication, and we are bound to say that at its published price of sixpence, it is about the worst value for money we have ever found. Meanwhile, the "easy skill contest," which was to signalise the advent of "Ellessdee," has been worked out to its foreseen conclusion, and we are found to have been fairly close to the mark in our prophecy that, "if the first and second cash prizes of £75 and £25 were to be divided among the entrants, the smallest coin of the realm would probably suffice for each individual's share." The "Result of the Original 'Ellessdee' £100 Free Contest" is now made public in the terms:—

> A Meeting of Competitors was held at our Offices for the purpose of examining the Adjudications and Awards. The correct solutions are — Belfast, London, Glasgow. The number of entry Forms received was 3,300. Of this total only a very few made an error, so in fairness to the majority, we have decided to amalgamate the First and Second Prizes, making a total of £100, which has been equally divided between the whole of the successful Entrants in accordance with the printed rules.

The wheeze of announcing big cash prizes for "competitions" of so easy a kind that no one could go wrong, except on purpose, is ancient and time-dishonoured. It may be recalled that a few weeks ago, "our offices" comprised a single bedroom over a ham and beef shop, the "Company" at that date having neither been seen nor heard of for a fortnight, while undelivered letters had been taken back to the Post Office. It will also be remembered that every entrant for the £100 competition was required to guarantee a six weeks' subscription to "Ellessdee"; so that "successful" competitors, who parted with 3s. 6d. postal orders, are out of pocket to the tune of at least half-a-crown. With trickery of this sort to conceal, it is not surprising that the promoter of the "Ellessdee" scheme, who has several other "gigantic contests" in prospect, should resent our notice, and we are much gratified by the flattering allusions to this journal which have graced some recent issues of his paper, although we are a little puzzled by the repeated invitation to "come out in the open." If to attack a concern by name and with a full acceptance of responsibility is not to fight "in the open," it is hard to know what measure of publicity would justify that term. Meanwhile, the fact that in the course of a few issues the "great weekly competition journal" has grown small by degrees and beautifully less may be accepted as a pleasing indication that our exposures have not been without effect and that the inflow of shekels has begun to tail off. As a general warning, we may add that the latest known address of this migratory enterprise is at St. Ann's Chambers, Ludgate Hill, E.C., although readers who expect to do "money-back" business with the "Ellessdee" Publishing Company will speedily find that they have called at the wrong shop.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

"There is a large firm advertising for seventy refined, educated, tactful women, with business knowledge, to fill positions as supervisors over some four hundred girl clerks. This firm cannot get these women. Is it believable?" Of the many applicants, "not one has the ghost of an idea as to the principles of business." Miss L. W. Small, who makes these statements in this week's *Everywoman's*, is an expert on all matters appertaining to women's employment. Her column of advice to correspondents is something quite new in jouralism. By the way, Mr. Bottomley is also contributing a brilliant series of articles as well, under the fascinating title—"If I Were a Woman."

WILL-POWER GOING CHEAP.

MANY MARVELS OFFERED FOR A FLORIN.

For the small, negligible sum of two shillings, the Concentro Company, 13, Central Buildings, Wallsend, Newcastle-on-Tyne, advertise that they will send you "the most scientific, most up-to-date work on Will-Power that has ever been written." This book, say the Company, "has been examined and approved" by Lord Avebury, Baden-Powell, Grahame-White, Landon Ronald, and W T. Stead—truly a curious, quaint quintette. While, if Mr. Stead "examined" it, the fact does not go far in favour of its up-to-dateness. The book, you are assured, "will be worth much more than its weight in gold to you." But its weight in gold would not be a very heavy weight. It is called a "work" and a "book" in the advertisements; in its own pages it calls itself a "booklet." We should call it a pamphlet. It contains but fifty pages, bound in red paper covers.

Any purchaser imagining that the booklet will "develop his Will Power and Self-Reliance," and give him "control over desires, impulses, and emotions," is probably doomed to disillusionment. But he may—or may not—be consoled by learning that these and other miracles may be worked—or may not—if he will undergo the Concentro Course of "Scientific Concentration," and the complete course, costing two guineas on normal occasions, is now going, going, going, at the war-time figure, a mere flea-bite, of one guinea only!

In fact, this two-shilling booklet serves the very useful purpose of acting as a feeder for the full course. But we do not care much for the sample. The fifty pages are dull with platitudes and prosy preachings. If you are—the which may the heavens forbid!—a vicious man, you must exercise your Will Power and become virtuous. It is all so simple. If you wish to succeed—and who does not?—"keep repeating to yourself every day: 'I shall succeed; I'm determined to succeed.' Say it until it is a belief with you—a creed." Monotonous, we should think, and ineffective. Towards the close of the booklet, under the heading of "Self-Reliance," is this precious advice:—"Test the value of the tight-shut mouth." To which we would add, "And prove the value of the tight-shut purse by declining to part with 2s. for this small collection of fads and fancies."

"PRINTERS' PIE."

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Lloyd's Weekly News":—

"The crew of the *King Stephen* numbered nine all told, and the Germans (in the Zeppelin), perhaps three times as many, were certainly armed. The skipper, therefore, did not think it advisable to take them on board, and made his way back to Germany, in order to communicate with the naval authorities."

"Kentish Mercury" (advertisement):—

"Wanted, a Boy, after school hours, or Young Daily Girl, in doctor's house, to TAKE MEDICINES, etc."

"Edinburgh Evening News" (advertisement):—

"Wanted, PIANO; dentist willing to make ARTIFICIAL TEETH FOR SAME, or part."

"Suffolk and Essex Free Press":—

"It might be that one of the CAUSES OF THE INCREASE of cases of tuberculosis in this area was the very great efficiency of the doctors working among the people."

"Bournemouth Echo" (advertisement):—

"Lady wishes join another IN DOGS' BOARDING HOME; TRIAL FIRST AS PAYING GUEST."

"News of the World":—

"I HEARD him go along the road and LOOK ABOUT CAUTIOUSLY."

"Tyrone Constitution" (advertisement):—

"Wanted.—To Purchase or Rent, FAMILY; liberal terms."

"Daily Dispatch" (heading):—

"Warning against FOUL PLAY BY BOARD OF TRADE."

"Everywoman's" is the new title of "Everywoman's Weekly."

Raemaekers keeps the World's conscience from falling asleep

This HEAD
Had a price put upon it
By the KAISER

It is the head of Louis Raemaekers, the world's greatest cartoonist. He is Dutch—a neutral, but is one of Germany's most relentless and virile enemies. The Kaiser has put a price upon his head. The Kaiser's emissaries have offered him a fortune to cease his exposures of the Prussian horrors. Yet, Raemaekers draws on.

And now his marvellous smashing cartoons are within reach of all—in colours, too. In the form of a special shilling edition, published by *Land and Water*, Raemaekers' cartoons will be

On Sale Thursday, Feb. 17th

LOUIS RAEMAEKERS' SENSATIONAL CARTOONS

IN 26 FORTNIGHTLY PARTS

Printed in Colours

With each cartoon is a vivid descriptive and historical comment by a famous British writer.

DE VERE STACPOOLE
DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S
G. K. CHESTERTON
EDEN PHILLPOTTS
JOHN OXENHAM
FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN
DEAN WILBERFORCE and
HILAIRE BELLOC

This splendid edition of these wonderful pictures will be issued in 26 fortnightly parts. There are 12 of these cartoons (in colour) in each part.

Your Newsagent will have No. 1 on Thursday, February 17. Otherwise send the Coupon for the whole series complete. It will then be forwarded post free, and you will secure every issue.

The work is arranged so that the complete parts will bind easily. Complete, these Raemaekers' Cartoons will make a volume of unflagging interest now, and of a value that can scarcely be overestimated in years to come.

If you cannot obtain the *Land and Water* Edition of Raemaekers' Cartoons at your usual bookseller's, write direct to *Land and Water*, Empire House, Kingsway, London, or if you prefer to subscribe for the complete 26 parts in advance, they will be sent to you as they appear post free, for 30/-.

Ask for the *Land & Water* edition of RAEMAEKERS' CARTOONS, 1/- Net.

ORDER FORM

To *Land and Water*
Empire House
Kingsway, London

Please send, as published, the 26 parts of Raemaekers' Cartoons, *post free*, for which I enclose the sum of 30s.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

(*Please write clearly.*)

These Cartoons, with their haunting sense of beauty and their biting satire, might almost have been drawn by the Accusing Angel. Never so long as these pictures endure will the punishment of Germany cease for her crimes against Belgium, and also for her studied brutality and frightfulness. These cartoons should find a place in every home, for they speak with magic words

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind: but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

An additional strain has been thrown upon our Fund owing to the parsimony of the Chelsea Commissioners in fixing pensions. The public have the idea that all disabled, or partially disabled, soldiers are comfortably provided for—indeed, financially settled for life: but this is not so. We receive applications from men discharged from the Service unfit for work, and returned to their wives and families with pensions fixed at no more than 4s. 8d. a week. In their distress they apply to us, and very naturally we carry out the wishes of our patrons by doing our best to help.

"I do thank you so very much for your great kindness and your gift to me. I cannot express my thanks for your goodness which came so quickly." So ran a letter of thanks from an ex-Army man, discharged after having undergone an operation which rendered him unfit for some months to earn his living. Every subscriber to our Fund will be pleased with these heartfelt expressions of gratitude.

The 18-year-old son of a widow, a year ago, left good employment to join the Service. He gave way under the heavy strain of training, and was recently discharged as medically unfit. Following the usual custom, his pay was stopped on his discharge; as he was the only support of his mother, this meant the direst poverty for the home. We gave monetary relief, and were glad to be able to place the young fellow in the way of obtaining suitable light employment.

It is very seldom that Jack applies to us—although in his prosperous days he is among the most generous subscribers to our Fund—but occasionally our lads in blue find themselves stranded and come to us. The other day a poor chap, dismissed from the Trawler Service owing to a severely strained heart, caused by an accident while on duty, called upon us. He was without money or friends, being reduced to sleeping on river barges. He had heard of our Fund, and his application to us was, of course, successful.

We recently commented upon the management of that excellent institution the Union Jack Club—suggesting that, in order to protect the casual guests from the depredations of the thieves who inevitably make use of such places, the dormitories should be kept lighted all night and that each should be in charge of a watchman. We are glad to have received a courteous letter from the Secretary of the Club assuring us that our suggestions have been fully carried out.

We thank a number of kind-hearted readers who recently brought to our notice the case of an old naval V.C. man, who was represented to us as deserving and friendless. Had the case been a genuine one the man would, of course, have been amply relieved, but it bristled with suspicions, and we had good reason to withhold our hand, though probably those who wrote us on the man's behalf wondered why we did not act upon their suggestion. The reason was made clear at a Police Court the other day, when the old fellow was sent to gaol for nine months for fraud and being a defaulting ticket-of-leave man.

A soldier boy in the Eastern Command wrote a piteous appeal to us on behalf of his mother. The poor woman had become short of money through illness, and had nothing coming in but the lad's allotment of 3s. 6d. a week. A hard-hearted landlord had thrown her few pieces of furniture on to the road, and she was thus homeless. Sympathising with the lad in his agony of mind, we promptly investigated the case, and took steps at once to alleviate the position of both the mother and her gallant son.

We hope the authorities will, without further delay, place in operation the new pension scheme which was devised some time ago. In the case of men who die on active service at home, the widows are at present merely granted a continuance of the separation allowance for 26 weeks, at the end of which time most of them become destitute, as no pensions are given. It is sad to listen to the stories of these poor creatures, who are pre-eminently war sufferers. We do our best in every case, but unfortunately fear that our help only staves off for a short time the hour when the widows must apply for admission to the "House."

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Collected by Volker Lighting Corporation, Ltd.," £5 10s. 5d.; "Soldier's Wife" (Surrey), 2s. 6d.; E. F., 5s.; B. C., 1s.; A. L., 1s.; Mrs. E. M., 1s.; C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 6s.; L. A. M., 2s. 6d.; G. D., 1s.; "A Friend" (Cornwall), 2s. 6d.; R. P. H., 1s. 6d.; "Over Age," £1; "A Railwayman's Wife," 1s.; Pte. T., 2s. 10d.; H. H. S., 1s. 4d.; "Pro Bono Publico," 1s.; "Will Evans' Snowball Pudding Fund," £3; "Registration Fees," 7s. 6d.; "An English Mother," 1s.; "Hollins Cross," 10s.; A. W. M., 2s. 6d.; R. W. W., 1s. 3d.; "A Regular Reader of JOHN BULL" (Paris), 5 francs; T. M., 1s. 6d.; "A Sailor's Wife," 1s.; "The Macphail Clan," 30s.; S. W., 5s.; R. P., 2s. 6d.; "An East Ham Reader," 3s.; "Proceeds of Dance at Queen Charlotte Islands" (per T. F.), £4 2s. 1d.; F. B., 2s.; "A Volunteer, U.B.V. Rifles" (Upper Burmah), 2s. 6d.; M. W., 2s. 6d.; F. L., 2s.; G. H. P., 2s. 6d.; L. B., 2s. 6d.; S. M., 1s. 6d.; "Rae," 10s.; "Anxious Mother," 1s.; W. A. W., 1s.; T. C. K. S., 1s.; Anon., 1s.; M. H., 2s.; "Tricks, B.W.," 2s.; Anon., 1s.; E. F., 5s.; Anon., 6d.; J. R. A., £10; "Thankful," 2s.; "Collection on board s.s. *Camillo*" (per J. R.), £15; "Florence Elizabeth," 5s.; "Constant Reader" (Bletchley), 3s.; S. F., 10s.; M. I., 5s.; G. H., £2 10s.; R. W., 6d.; N. T. (Catford), 1s.; B. C., 1s.; A. A. J., 1s.; Y. S. S., 6d.; F. P., 1s.; "East Coast," 1s.; "E.," 2s. 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; Anon., 6d.; A. S., 12s. 6d.; J. C., 2s. 6d.; "A Well Wisher of Manchester," 3s.; Anon., 2s.; A. N., 10s.; J. A. E. (Barnes), 10s. 6d.; G. T. M., 1s.; B. C. A., £2 2s.; K. P., 1s.; A. T. M., 2s. 6d.; E. C. G., 1s.; H. L., 1s.; "Collected by Employees of Ouse Navigation" (per J. B. M.), £3; "Dai Kway," 5s.; A. J., 5s.; "Sonny and Gilbert" (Woolwich), 5s.; J. L. W., 1s.; "Inasmuch," 6d.; "Burnt Pastry," 4s. 2d.; A. E. D., 1s.; E. T., 1s.; "A Few Subscribers, H.M.S. *Seahorse*," 12s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; M. H. C., 1s.

COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises.

LONDON.—Messrs. Mace, Rainbow and Stone, 2 and 3, Gravel Lane, Houndsditch, 2s. 6d.; Mr. A. Standbrook, "Old Clay Hall," Old Ford Road, 3s. 5d.; Messrs. Brackman and Son, 202, Jubilee Street, Mile End, 2s. 7d.; Mr. J. C. Dowdney, Messrs. Taplow and Co., "Whitehall," Leytonstone Road, Stratford, 4s. 2d.; Mr. J. Ellis, "Crown and Sceptre," Woolmore Street, Poplar, 9s.; Mr. J. E. Crump, "Duke of Edinburgh," Crichton Street, Wandsworth Road, 2s. 11d.; Mr. G. Hughes, "Brownlow Arms," Betterton Street, 3s. 1½d.; Messrs. Cohen and Co., 446, Strand, 2s. 10d.; Messrs. Collinson and Osgood, "Mason's Arms," Harrow Road, 2s. 8½d.; Mr. C. Butcher, "Admiral Hawke," 191, Jamaica Road, 3s. 6d.; Mr. F. L. Williams, 56, Nimrod Road, Streatham, 2s. 11½d.; Mr. J. Jacobs, "The Crown," Holloway Road, 5s.; Mr. H. Parr, "Coach and Horses," Matthias Road, 3s.; Mr. J. Henriques, "The Clarendon," Mildmay Park, 5s. 2½d.; Mr. Geo. Layton, "The Edinburgh," Newington Green Road, 4s. 6d.

Pathéphone

IS AS NATURAL AND PERFECT AS THE ARTISTES THEMSELVES.

"Come out, Daddy."

STAR ARTISTES AT POPULAR PRICES ONLY.

PATHÉ RECORDS REQUIRE NO NEEDLES

PLAYS WITH AN UNWEARABLE BALL POINTED SAPPHIRE

PATHÉ RECORDS REQUIRE NO NEEDLES

HEAR THE PATHÉ RECORDS BY

KIRKBY LUNN ..... *Contralto*
ROSINA BUCKMAN ..... *Soprano*
PHYLLIS LETT ..... *Contralto*
CARMEN HILL ..... *Mezzo Soprano*
BEN DAVIES ..... *Tenor*
IVOR FOSTER ..... *Baritone*
GWYNNE DAVIES ..... *Tenor*
THORPE BATES ..... *Baritone*
LITTLE TICH ..... *Comedian*
BRANSBY WILLIAMS ..... *Character Actor.*
BAND OF H.M. GRENADIER GUARDS
GARDE REPUBLICAINE OF FRANCE

AND HUNDREDS OF OTHER FAMOUS OPERATIC, CONCERT, VAUDEVILLE AND INSTRUMENTAL ARTISTS.

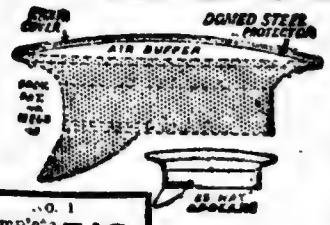
Complete Catalogues from all High-Class Dealers, or direct

PATHÉ FRERES PATHEPHONE LTD.

HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Send your Soldier Friend a "CROWN" PROTECTOR

It offers complete protection to the head and so may SAVE HIS LIFE.



No. 1 Complete with Cover. **5/6** Postage 6d. extra

The "Crown" Protector is made of high quality manganese steel and will repel shell splinters, fragments of shrapnel, spent bullets, etc. Supplied complete with khaki or navy blue cover and fits on top of service cap. Weighs only nine ounces. Every soldier on active service needs one. PRICE with cover, 5/6 (postage 6d. extra) from the sole manufacturer—

G. P. BRAGG SMITH, Mitcham, - - Surrey.

Also from Harrods, Whiteleys, Army & Navy, Andersons Junior Army and Navy and all the leading Stores.

? HAVE YOU WEAK NERVES ?

My 50-pp. BOOKLET IS FREE TO YOU for the asking. This remarkable work, entitled "Your Golden Opportunity," shows how, by my system of physical culture, all complaints arising from weak nerves may be cured, and how you may attain the limit of strength and endurance. Let this book show you the real road to health and happiness. Enclose two loose stamps, state your trouble, and receive my SPECIAL OFFER TO "JOHN BULL" READERS and a sympathetic reply. DO IT NOW.

THOMAS INCH, Health Consultant, 74b, Clarendon Road, Putney, London, S.W.

Foster Clark's

The worry and expense of providing Soup as a first course has been completely overcome by the introduction of Foster Clark's Soup Squares. They make instantly a variety of the choicest Soups by simply adding water. Each 2d. square makes 1½ pints of rich nourishing Soup. Seven kinds supplied.

Oxtail. Lentil. Green Pea. Pea. Mulligatawny. Mock Turtle. (Tomato 2½d.)

If served at every meal you will enjoy your meals more, get greater nourishment and require less meat.

SAMPLE POST FREE.—If you cannot obtain of your Grocer send 2d. in stamps for sufficient to make 1½ pints of rich nourishing Soup, or send 1s. for six varieties to—

FOSTER CLARK, LTD. (Dept. 39), MAIDSTONE.

SOUP SQUARES

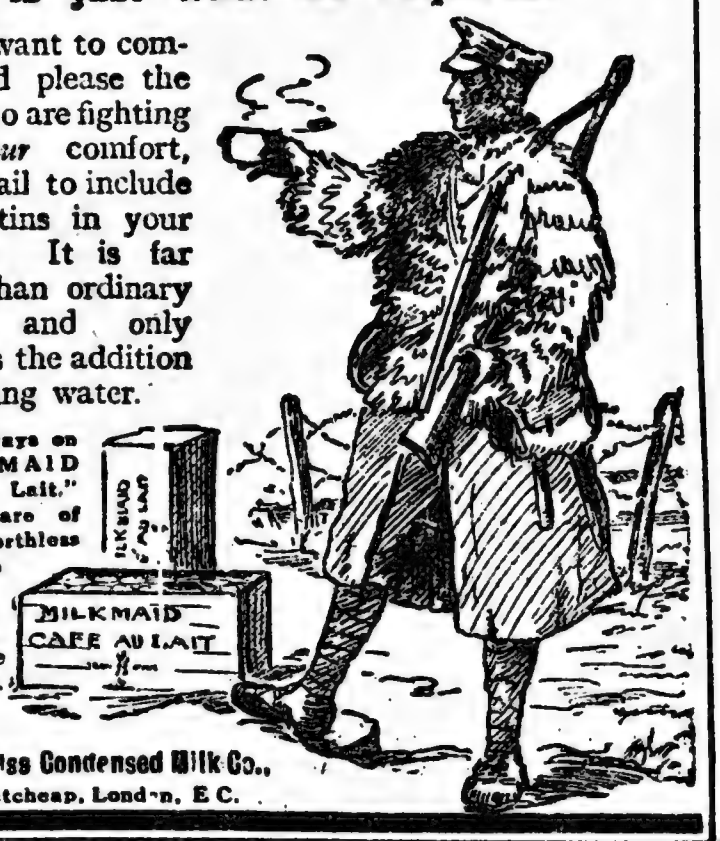
It's cold in France and Flanders o'nights and mornings, and a cheering cup of

Milkmaid Café au Lait

(KAFFAY-O-LAY)

is just what he requires.

If you want to comfort and please the men who are fighting for *your* comfort, never fail to include a few tins in your parcels. It is far nicer than ordinary coffee, and only requires the addition of boiling water.



Insist always on "MILKMAID Café au Lait," and beware of ALL worthless imitations

Of all Grocers. Cash price 6d. & 11½d. per tin

Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co., 6-8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

Solomon's Own.

Before the war the Royal Engineers Postal Service of the Army employed 10 officers and 270 men. The staff now numbers 85 officers and 4,000 men, including many who are working in London, menaced only by the Zepps. However, they are all drawing Post Office pay in addition to their Army money, though other Postal servants who took up the rifle are up to their ears in mud in the trenches and merely get Army pay plus a few shillings from the St. Martin's-le-Grand authorities. Strangely enough, the Post Office man who has obtained a commission is actually financially worse off than his *confrère* who attains merely to the Sergeant's stripes—the 2nd Lieut. receiving £156, whilst the non. com. gets £180 7s. 8d. a year!

From the Trench Poet.

Naturally the eyes of the common or garden Tommy have turned towards this fortunate corps, and a Post Office Rifleman, at present in the trenches, expresses the general feeling of his comrades in the following lines:—

"What did you do in the war, Daddy?
Tell me, where did you go?"
"I joined the R.E.s—it was only a wheeze—
And worked at the G.P.O."
"Pray what did you get for that, Daddy?
Was it only a shilling a day?"
But Dad only smiled, and winked at his child,
And said, "That's not Solomon's way.
"We fought for the gold, not the glory,
For never a German we saw;
On behalf of our betters, we sorted up letters
Right through that terrible war."
"But why did you stay there, Daddy?
Were you afraid to go?"
"No, no, my son; if I'd taken a gun,
My pay would have stopped, you know."
And now I must finish my story—
It will live for ever and aye—
How, for sorting, a clique got one pound a week,
And the fighters got one bob a day.

Sons of Their Fathers.

The Prince of Wales has been out at the front since the commencement of the war, doing staff work—and extra good work at that. He has climbed to the height of Captain, and having regard to his coaching and his experience, he well deserves the rank. In pre-war days a man was passed out of college and gazetted to a regiment. He put in a probationary period of two years to satisfy the authorities that he was only *fit* to become an officer in time. The gifted son of Mr. Lloyd George after a year's service, and without probationary period, has been hoisted to the field rank of Major. And now we have the case of a man whose military experience cannot amount to much, whose age is under thirty, and who has been given the Colonelcy of one of the battalions of the King's Royal Rifle Corps. He happens to be the son of an official of the League under which the Corps was raised. Have the War Office no regard for the feelings of our soldiers—many of them old hands who could teach their Majors and their Colonels their business? To put it plainly, the Tommies of to-day, while willing to do or die, tremble at the thought of being led like sheep to the slaughter by officers who, instead of holding executive authority, should be in the hands of the military crammers learning the rudiments of their trade.

The London Irish.

The London Irish Rifles are calling for recruits, and we should like to see this famous regiment completed. We do not know the exact amount of money spent upon posters and meetings to induce men to join the Corps, but we fancy that an order recently issued will not make men hurry up to put on the uniform of the regiment. All week-end passes, unless in very urgent cases, are to be stopped for the duration of the war in the 17th, 19th, and 20th London Regiments!

England's Last Stand.

Mr. Tennant has made a statement to the effect that any man who has sixpennyworth of life in him will be called up under the Derby Scheme, even though he be the proud possessor of a wooden leg! We thought it a joke at first, but we have now altered our view, having received numerous letters telling us that men who could almost hear the flapping of the wings of the Angel of Death have been roped in to do duty as soldiers. We wonder why. Possibly they will be left sitting down on big stones on the Kentish coast—the half-blind, armed with telescopes, to spot the approach of the cheeky Germans who come over in the early afternoons to drop bombs and then retire in safety.

More "Scraps of Paper."

We would remind the Army Council that time-expired men who re-engage were promised a month's furlough. They are wondering when the leave will be granted.

Hungry Highlanders.

A man from the South Camp at Ripon sends us a wail on behalf of himself and his comrades. He belongs to the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and possesses a good appetite. With his doleful epistle he encloses a tin of some kind of meat preserve, designed to contain a little more than a tablespoonful. The contents of the tiny receptacle might hold sufficient to act as an appetiser for an ordinary mortal, but are regimentally supposed to be enough to furnish the supper of two men. Poor Sandy!

An Injustice Remedied.

Last week we commented upon the irregular, and often grossly unfair, discharge papers given to our men when they leave the Service, intending to seek civil employment; and we printed in full one glaring instance in which a Major, whose name we mentioned, damned a Tommy of unblemished character thus: "I know nothing against this man." John Bull arrived in the camp on Thursday morning, and on that night a letter was posted by the authorities to the man referred to, asking him to return the discharge with a view to its being altered to his satisfaction. It is gratifying to know that rectification of the matter followed so swiftly on the publication of our paragraph.

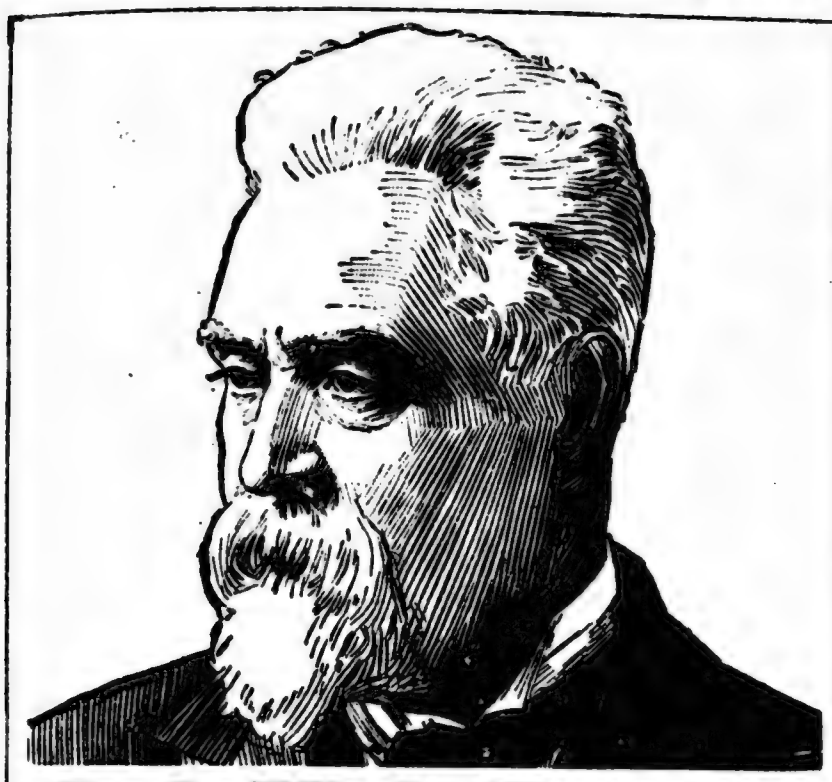
Diminishing Dollars.

The 1st Canadian Pioneers are up against an Order recently issued concerning the pay of the men from the Dominion. When they joined their respective units they were given to understand that they would get a dollar a day, with ten cents field allowance. Now the men are told that fifty per cent. of the pay is to be held back until their return to Canada, and the married men who have made allotments to their wives will have, in addition, twenty dollars detained as a surety against desertion. The Canucks look upon this as a breach of contract; but they must remember that the document upon which the contract was written is but a scrap of paper. After all, even with their pay cut down, they are financially immensely better off than their South African cousins, who were promised the full Colonial rate but receive only a shilling a day.

Missing.

News is wanted of the following men:

Pte. G. E. Willis, 1808, A Co., 1-5 Suffolk Regt.; Pte. A. Boothman, 2822, 2nd Batt. 5th Northumberland Fusiliers; Pte. G. A. Harman, 14600, Signallers, 2nd Batt. Worcestershires; P.O.S. Penny, 945, Dispatch Rider, Section C, Squad 7, Armoured Cars, R.N.A.S.; L.-Sergt. F. R. Brown, 2600, A Co., 8th R.W. Kents; Pte. W. Mills, 3139, A Co., No. 3 Platoon, 8th D.L.I.; Pte. Gordon Graham, 6443, 9th Black Watch; Pte. R. Blackmore, 6237, 5th Connaught Rangers; Pte. A. Curry, 2543, C Co., 11 Platoon, 6th N.F.; L.-Cpl. E. Wadsworth, 16062, B Co., 10th Y. and L. Regt.; L.-Cpl. A. C. Jenkins, 1389, Grenade Section, C Co., 2nd The Buffs; Pte. F. R. Sprott, Z1789, Collingwood Batt., D Co., 1 Section; Pte. W. J. Treacy, 267, C Co., 2nd R.I. Regt.



CATARRH DEAFNESS

EAR NOISES, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS & COLDS.

MAXIM GUN INVENTOR DISCOVERS SIMPLE HOME REMEDY.

Thousands Already Relieved and Cured.

SIR HIRAM MAXIM WISHES ALL SUFFERERS TO HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY OF LEARNING, FREE OF CHARGE, HOW TO CURE THEMSELVES.

We are able to announce to-day a significant development in the cure of all kinds of Ear, Nose, Throat, and Lung troubles by Sir Hiram Maxim, the veteran inventor, of Maxim gun fame.

LEGION OF HONOUR FROM THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT

Everyone who would like to read about this discovery should fill in coupon below (½d. stamp only needed), or send a postcard to Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

This triumph over chronic diseases which have been regarded as almost incurable is the outcome of Sir Hiram's own sufferings.

He has now cured himself by a simple home appliance and has also restored to health thousands of others similarly afflicted, and now wishes that all sufferers, rich and poor alike, should have a free opportunity of learning how to cure their own ailments at home without any interference with their daily occupations.

Those who have benefited already by this quick and easy method include sufferers from :—

CATARRH, DEAFNESS, HEAD NOISES, COLDS AND COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

You may have been disappointed by other methods but remember that Sir Hiram Maxim has a world-honoured reputation and would never attach his name to an invention which had not been proved of practical utility and a great success.

It will be found that after a few minutes' use of the Pipe of Peace Home Treatment the Catarrh, Cough, or Tightness is relieved and the expectoration diminished.

The hearing improves, ear noises gradually stop. The stuffiness in nose and uncomfortable feeling in the throat and chest disappear, and give place to ease and comfort. Running at the nose stops, and bouts of sneezing cease instantly. An ever-increasing improvement will be felt, and in most cases a complete cure of the trouble will take place in a short time.

FREE TO-DAY.

Send for a free copy of the Home Doctor book, and read there some of the letters received from users of Sir Hiram Maxim's wonderful appliance. They tell of the most wonderful cures effected by this discovery—a discovery everyone can now utilise for their own benefit at a small cost.

FREE COUPON

Fill in your name and address, or write it out on a sheet of paper and send it to-day to Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me, in accordance with Sir Hiram Maxim's offer, a free copy of the Home Doctor.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

RHEUMATISM SCIATICA-NEURITIS

Sensational Discovery of Simple Home Treatment by Manufacturing Chemist.

Pain Relieved and most cases of Rheumatism, Rheumatoid-Arthritis, Gout, Lumbago and Sciatica quickly and successfully treated without Nauseous Drugs.

Rich and Poor alike to Benefit by this Remarkable Discovery.

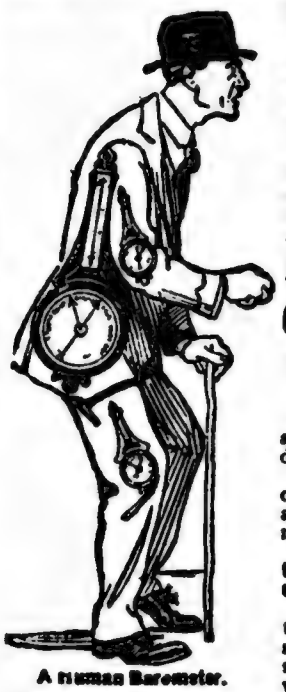
WRITE TO-DAY FOR FREE BOOK.

A fascinating book has been published telling the romantic story of the discovery of a wonderful remedy for all Uric Acid Troubles. In order that the numberless sufferers from these complaints may learn of this new hope to change their pains and suffering into lives of ease and good health, a copy of this book will be sent free and without any obligation whatever to all applicants

Just fill in and post coupon below, or send your name and address to-day on a postcard and the book will reach you by return

The book fully explains how a London manufacturing chemist restored his wife to perfect health after years of suffering and after trying many specialists, hospitals, cures, etc without obtaining relief The book also tells you how you may eradicate your own troubles in the same easy way

It is the opinion of all those who have tested this wonderful remedy (it has already been prescribed by over 200 doctors) that it brings new and definite hope to all sufferers from



A Human Barometer.

If you can tell the least change in the weather by the pains in your joints and muscles, the free book will tell you how to cure yourself.

Rheumatoid-Arthritis

Gout — Sciatica — Rheumatism Lumbago Muscular Stiffness Neuritis, &c.

and all those troublesome and painful conditions due to an excess of uric acid in the blood.

No such remedy for these ailments has ever been obtainable before, and you are suffering needless pain and worry if you fail to test this new power which is now placed within your reach

To prove our faith in this remedy we may mention that we have already given away under Medical direction over 2,000 free treatments to deserving cases

There are no nauseous drugs to take, no liniments to rub in, no massage, no drastic electric treatment, no long and tedious journeys to Continental spas—simply small, pure gelatine capsules called Curicones which contain an entirely new combination of medicines approved by the British Pharmaceutical Authorities and the French Medical Council.

'Curicones' are sold at a price which is within the reach of all

Do not fail to write to-day for the book, and learn without further delay how you can relieve your painful condition in a few hours

Curicones do not contain narcotics or poisons of any sort. They are quite harmless, and easier to take than a small pill They will not affect the heart or upset the stomach

Repeated instances prove that in even the worst cases they

Rapidly Stop pain. Dissolve Uric Acid

Eliminate it from the blood.

Reduce Swellings. Renew Vitality.

Such consistent and certain success in the home treatment of these persistent diseases has never been attained before

SEND COUPON TO-DAY.

If you are suffering from any trouble of a Rheumatic nature, from pains or swellings, fill in coupon and post it to-day to Messrs Stephen Matthews & Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Dept (W.2), 19-20-21 Farringdon Street, London, and you will receive by return the book giving full particulars of this great discovery, diet table, and instructions to enable you to obtain relief without further delay

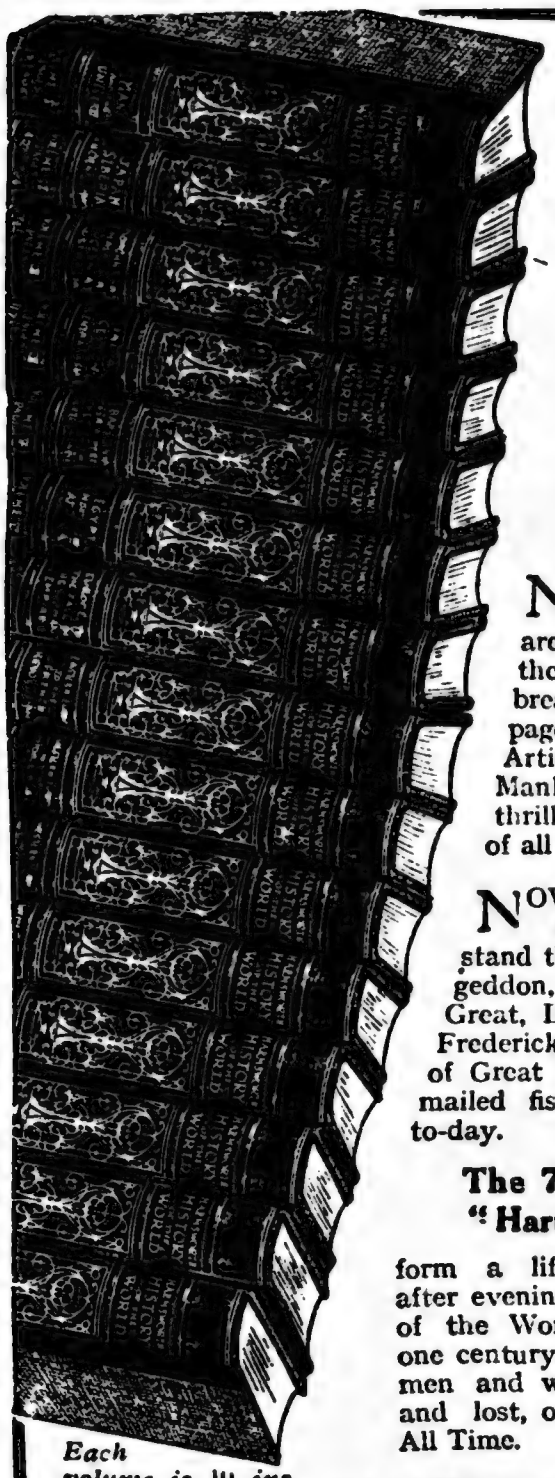
CUT THIS OUT.

Please send me free and post paid your book on Rheumatoid-Arthritis and Rheumatic Affections, diet table, and full particulars of your discovery.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

To Messrs. Stephen Matthews & Co. Ltd.
Manufacturing Chemists (Dept. W.2.),
19, 20, 21 Farringdon Street, London.



Each volume is 10 ins. high and 6¾ ins. wide. The width of the 15 volumes is 21 ins. This great library contains 7,000 pages of glowing narrative and arresting pictures.

For "John Bull" Readers.

Payment of only 1/- down

to be followed by Monthly Subscriptions after delivery, brings you carriage paid the 15-volume

"Harmsworth History of the World,"

and you get a splendid

13/6

War Album-de-Luxe

FREE

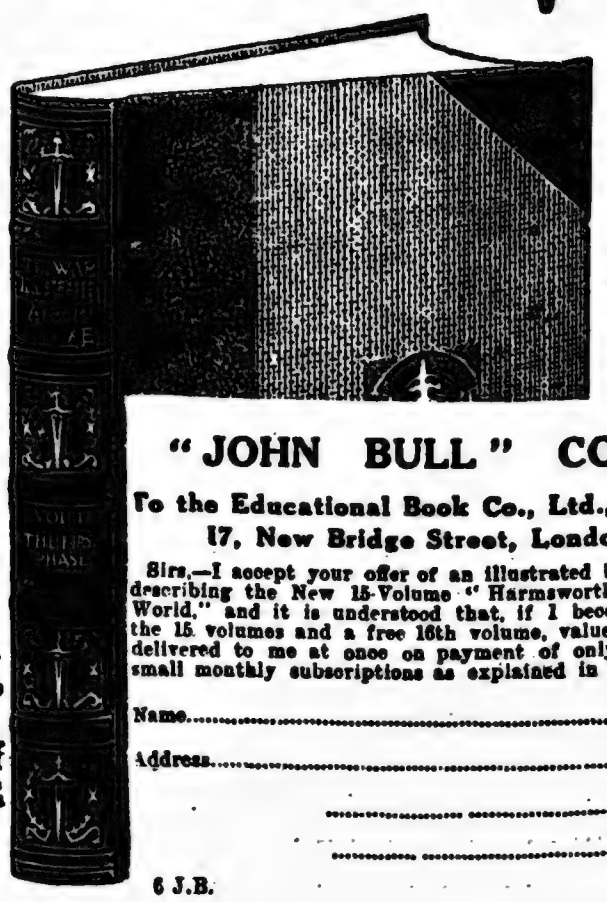
NOTHING like these Volumes has ever appeared before in any language. They are the Domesday Books of All Time Since the World Began, and go right up to the outbreak of the present Great War. Here in these pages the Greatest Historians, Thinkers and Artists portray the Dramas of Nature and Mankind in Prose, Poetry, and Pictures, that thrill the hearts and fascinate the minds of readers of all ages.

NOW is the time to study History—while History is being forged in the fire of war. To understand the forces behind this 20th Century Armageddon, read the pictured stories of Alexander the Great, Darius, the Pharaohs, the Cæsars, Hannibal, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, Bismarck, Edward VII. of Great Britain, and the Kaiser, who has thrust his mailed fist in the face of the civilised world of to-day.

The 7,000 pages in this 15-volume "Harmsworth History of the World"

form a life-lasting, thrilling entertainment. Evening after evening you may sit and read in the 15 volumes of the World's History—not of one individual or of one century, one year or one day, but of all the famous men and women who have lived and loved, laboured and lost, or fought and won u on the Battlefields of All Time.

WRITE to-day for the free booklet, in colours, fully descriptive of this mighty work. The Volumes are delivered to your home on first payment of only *one shilling* subscription, and prompt subscribers will receive FREE a 13s. 6d. volume—"The War Illustrated Album-de-Luxe," which tells the story of the first phase of the great war, thus bringing your world history up almost to Christmas, 1914.



Fill in and post the coupon below for full particulars, which will be sent you FREE.

Fill in this

COUPON

and you will receive free and post free

full particulars of the 15-vol.

"Harmsworth History of the World"

which is sent carriage paid on receipt of first subscription of only ONE SHILLING with a superb

13/6 War Album-de-Luxe FREE.

"JOHN BULL" COUPON.

To the Educational Book Co., Ltd.,
17, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.

Sirs,—I accept your offer of an illustrated booklet in colours describing the New 15-Volume "Harmsworth History of the World," and it is understood that, if I become a subscriber, the 15 volumes and a free 16th volume, value 13s. 6d., will be delivered to me at once on payment of only 1s. and further small monthly subscriptions as explained in the booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

6 J.B.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

H.M. KING GEORGE.

Eh? Wot's thet? *You're 'is Majesty's equerry, and I'm requested to accompany you to Buckin'am Pallis to attend to the King?* Get out! 'Oo're yer kiddin' of? . . . *It's a fack?* Come orf it! . . . Oh, *'is Majesty's valet wot sees to 'im 'as fallen sick,* 'as 'e, and I've *bin recker-mended by one of 'is Majesty's Secretaries of State,* eh? *Got one o' the Royal motor cars outside wailin',* 'ave yer! . . .

Er—*yes,* yore Majesty. . . . Er—*thank* you, yore Majesty. . . . Er—'ighly honoured, I'm shore, yore Majesty. . . . *Call you "sir"?* Very good, yore—er—*sir,* I should say. . . . Oh, you've 'eard I'm a bit of a talker, 'ave you, sir? Well, p'r'aps I *do* put a word in edgeways now an' then w'en I'm attendin' to a customer, sir. . . . *Want me to feel quite at ease an' look on you as a nordinary customer?* Well, thet's wot a proper King *would* say, sir. I'm much erbliged, I'm shore. Now, some.o' the super silly ass snobs wot come into my erstablishment are jest the oppersit. They seem ter think becos they're Lord Tom Noddy, or somethink o' thet, thet nobody else don't count. Sometimes I give 'em a little bit of advice—quietly, afore they go. Sometimes they take it in a friendly spirit, an' sometimes they don't. Now, I 'ad Lord 'Alldane in a few weeks ago, an' 'e—— *Rawther not 'ear ennythink erbout Lord 'Alldane?* Very good, sir—and I don't blame yer. Of orl the—— Beg pawdon, sir? *'Ave I enny advice to gire you,* sir? Well, sir, since you awsk me, I *'ave.* Now you've pritty well recovered, sir, I'd like to see you take a rawther more hactive an' prominent part in the conduct of the wore. I don't mean expose yerself to danger in the trenches, or ennythink o' thet, but exercise yore royal prerogative a bit more in pickin' out the right men fur the right jobs. There's Jack Fisher, fer instance. The people love 'im, trust 'im, an' believe in 'im. They know 'e's the finest fightin' sailor since Nelson, an' they want 'im put back at the 'ead of the Navy. They think 'e's bin shelved by the Party political lawyers wot are tryin' ter run this wore on peace lines. They want 'im back. If you wos to publish an appeal, or a command, fur thet matter, fur 'im to boss the Navy again, the ole country 'ud yell fur joy an' the Party politicians 'ud 'ave to lump it if they didn't like it. Then, sir, the people would like to 'ear th it you 'ad cleared orl the Germans outer yore Privy Council, an' thet you'd told the Prince o' Wales to change 'is motter from German to English or Welsh. They'd like ter know, too, thet you'd told yore Viceroy in Injia to git rid of 'is German bandmaster, or take the sack 'isself. They'd like you to insist on orl Germans bein' interned until the wore is over, an' every bloomin' German 'ouse o' bizniss bein' closed down until five years arfter the wore. Thet's the sorter thing yore people 'ud appreciate, sir, an' their loyalty 'ud increase accordin'. It's sound enuff now, but you wouldn't know it arfter thet. . . . *Thet's* it, yore Majesty. I 'ope I have given satisfaction? . . . Thank you sir. *Good* mornin'. . . . Wot price the Royal Arms over me shop now, eh?).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL, for February 12th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 581,647 and A001,361. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C

RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

So the Government has been kind to us and is allowing us to have a little flat-racing at other venues than Newmarket during the coming season. The list of fixtures so far announced takes us only to the middle of August, but no doubt other meetings will be arranged for the remaining months of the season. We must be grateful for small mercies, andthank heaven for one more defeat of the faddists.

Hawthorn Hill last week-end was spoilt by the mud. The attendances on both days were excellent, but runners were few. Many horses were sent to the meeting that were never allowed to run, notably The Bore and Tip and Run. The performance of Bruce on Friday will long live in the memory of those who saw it. For a horse to fall about six furlongs from home; to lose something like 150 yards of distance and then to win comfortably, is a feat that must be remembered. The results on Saturday were "patchy," three hot favourites won, and three of the same sort lost, and probably the defeat of Comfort in the last race put most backers on the wrong side. General Fox jumped shockingly in his race, and was nearly down three times before his jockey finally pulled him up.

Gatwick is the meeting set for this week-end, and though the number of entries does not promise big fields, sport should be brisk and enjoyable. On Friday, likely winners are SON O' MELTON in the Wickham Hurdle; VALENTINE MAHER in the Cotland Steeplechase; THE NAB in the Four-Year-Old Hurdle, and DUBLIN BAY in the Tinsley Selling Hurdle. On Saturday, the best thing is WHITE SURREY* for the Croydon Hurdle. Other winners may be CHERRY BILL in the Timberhorn Selling Hurdle; ABAKUR in the Stayers' Steeplechase, and SAUCEPAN in the Wickham Hurdle.

Wires will be despatched for each day at Gatwick. One day, 5s.; two days, 8s. Please order early of me, c.o. JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. Orders for the *Special* should be sent to Messrs. Odhams Ltd., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 19.

Two competitors sent coupons showing only two errors, and so share the £100 prize, each receiving £50:—

J. W. BELL, 149, Onslow Drive, Dennistoun, Glasgow.
A. CLENT, 68, Church Street, Hincksey, Oxford.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date,* bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of February 12th:—

039871	280546	496629	784163	A122117
054280	294714	50 4 5	80 514	A158179
092 19	301792	532472	536942	A174945
100463	3148?1	568365	854816	A230324
122 11	343738	583261	926433	A285743
17 914	362347	625920	972634	A289127
187840	401637	667?21	A000777	A303683
21?931	438214	724432	A009321	A325165
243532	448529	738991	A07?354	A3 8343
279483	456683	745624	A093376	A384026

The 1 prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published February 23rd).

HAD YOURS YET?

If not, don't delay.

Cut out the Coupon opposite.

"JOHN BULL" PEN.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John B.. Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. **February 19th, 1916.**

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

***NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?*

***AUTHORS** and ARTISTS submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

"DARBY."—Thanks for the cutting from the *Glasgow Observer*, with reference to Mr. Pemberton-Billing having had "the doubtful advantage" of our support during the recent Mile End election. Strangely enough, he is asking for some more of it for another go.

"INTERESTED" (Clapham Junction, S.W.).—We too are firm believers in the principles of honour, liberty, and justice upon which the British Empire is based. But may we ask you what religious principle you would work upon if you found a brutal Hun devastating your home, defiling your wife, and transfixing your children with the bayonet? Would you turn to the Old or the New Testament for instructions in such circumstances? Or would you bash the marauder's filthy brains out with the first weapon that came handy?

H. B. B. (London) suggests that we should "see that every pigeon leaving the East Coast between dawn and sunset should be shot at sight, and examined." Where is our gun?

J. W. M. T. (Cape Province).—We do not propose to take any further liberties with the Shakespearian quotation on our cover. Let "Britain" be taken to mean the British Empire.

J. H. E. (Tottenham) asks: "What's Haldane been up to on the Continent lately?" Trying to catch a breeze from his "spiritual home," maybe.

K. K. (Penge).—The "non-malignant furuncles," from which the Kaiser is said to have suffered recently, are, we believe, and as you surmise, merely common or garden carbuncles.

"READER" (London) has "heard several persons discuss the possibility of the Germhuns building a tunnel from Ostend to the British coast." Some persons will discuss anything.

"KATE" (Shepherd's Bush).—The British Navy should be used to its fullest power; that is "the way to act."

"READER" (London, E.).—". . . But where are all the big guns and aeroplanes we are supposed to have to meet air raids?" The Censor says mum's the word.

J. J. I. (Muswell Hill) thinks everybody who makes war profits should pay the tax on war profits, and that neither farmers nor professional men should be exempt.

F. W. (St. James's) remarks, *re* the official explanation of the constant "night flashes" in London, "Such a lame explanation with intellect clashes, Can you give me no other regarding these flashes?" You apparently think you're a million times wiser, Believing the flashes are due to the Kaiser.

L. G. (London, N.).—Lord Derby's was a splendid recruiting scheme badly muddled. You, an attested Shoreditch man, must have been lost in the muddle.

J. T. W. (Kirton-Lindsey).—Don't know whom the Bishop of Lincoln has in mind when he stigmatises his critics as "low-down newspapers"; but having regard to his anxiety to prevent his clergy from enlistment, hadn't he better study the psychology of low-down bishops?

S. A. B. (Farnborough).—An apprentice of 19 might in certain circumstances be exempted by the Local Tribunal on appeal.

D. S. (Forest Hill, S.E.).—We decline to give you the information desired. We would not raise a finger at this crisis to enable anyone to become a member of the Quaker fraternity.

W. C. (Hounslow) would like "an occasional kind word for Luxembourg, apparently doomed to become annexed to Germhuny." No doubt justice will be done to Luxembourg at the finish.

T. M. S. declares that, if it is true that Scotland Yard detectives dressed in khaki are going about in the hope of "trapping" publicans, "it amounts to a damned scandal." Worse than that.

E. B. (Exeter).—What do we think of the "Belgian Men who are well and strong, here in our country, who have never taken up arms"? Not much. One might have thought they would be burning to avenge their devastated country.

"GLASWEGIAN" (Glasgow).—We take leave to doubt the story told by the Bishop of Lincoln about the V.C. whose pals subscribed 120 pints of beer for him, which he proceeded to absorb until he was nearly dead, when the inevitable "dear old lady" spoke to him and "saved his life." Bishops seem to have queer notions as to what goes on in public-houses.

F. C. S. (Canterbury).—We have frequently drawn attention to the disgusting scandal of articles sent to the Army as free gifts for the soldiers being *charged* to them in the canteen and elsewhere. Our stable begins to get quite Augean. By the time the war ends, we shall need a Hercules to cleanse it.

"ENTRE NOUS" (Plumstead) tells us that when the signal of "lights out" comes to Woolwich Arsenal on Zeppelin nights, some of the gates are promptly shut, frequently in the faces of "thousands of men," who are thereby prevented from leaving and are kept cooped up and massed in a crowd. Most of them murmur that they will "write to JOHN BULL" about it—so our friend has done so on their behalf. Perhaps the gate-shutters look on the men as superfluous, and gather them in a heap to provide a better mark.

"A BIRKOMAN."—A man who professes to possess a "conscientious objection" to joining the Army to fight the enemies of righteousness, but who at the same time has no scruples about earning good money making munitions of war, is either a cad, or a coward, or a mental deficient.

A. D. T. suggests that we make ourselves "ridiculous" when we "leave mundane matters and trespass upon matters celestial." Is not the courtesy of some of these self-righteous Christians exquisite? He is also of the opinion that "God is using Germany as a scourge upon England." To which we will merely remark that the scourge is having a far rougher time than the scourged.

W. J. K. (Whitley Bay).—"In Palace and Workshop, in Cottage and Hall; In Army and Navy, a rallying call: Come! pledge we together, in unison all, No Peace, till Victory!" And so say all of us.

H. C. (London, W.).—You have been wrongly informed. The Committee of the Central Control Board (Liquor Traffic) is not "composed of about 20 ladies who are tectotalers," but of certain old women with whiskers.

J. M. (Seaham Harbour).—Wives and families of merchant sailors interned in Germany were first allowed, you say, 10s. a week, subsequently increased to 17s. 6d. As the Government grant is £1, you ask, on behalf of one of these wives, Who is sticking to her weekly half-crown? We only wish we knew! Perhaps the Sailors' and Firemen's Union will make a move in the matter.

"FAIRPLAY."—A young man, employed by Bristol tobacco merchants, was escorted by his mates when he went to attest, because he was the last eligible employee to do so. We do not think he was "molested," and your statement that "a pair of trucks were being drawn in case the poor victim, although helpless, should struggle or be obstinate," is manifestly an exaggeration. Two trucks to carry one man?

E. D. (Chelsea).—Interesting story of yours that the head flying man at a certain East Coast town, on being informed by telephone that enemy aircraft were sighted, replied that the informants had disturbed his night's rest, and must ring him up later if anything occurred. You ask if it is true, and we guess not.

"INJURED ONE" (Great Sutton).—A special constable has certainly no right to interfere in the innocent loves of the "maidservants of Great Sutton." Of course, said maidservants must not obstruct the footpath. Kissing in the dark is as legal as kissing in the daylight.

F. J. W. (Back of Firing Line).—Mr. Lloyd George was born at Manchester in 1863.

REGINALD JACKSON.—Write Downend. Ill. M.P.

WALTER D. (Partick).—We have no sympathy for parents who are sent to prison for neglecting to summon medical aid to their sick children. The religious beliefs which restrain them may be honest, but they are none the less fanatical and dangerous. Medical science has replaced the miracles of old. You should read Zola's "Lourdes."

£1,000 awaits you in our Football Competition.

"OLD BILL" (Walthamstow) writes to tell us he is not working the Government Air Raid Insurance because orders are few and commission is scarce. Then let him drop air raids and take up hair restorers.

W. H. K. (Collegiate School, St. L.).—Glad the school cadet corps have been so successful in their shooting.

L. S-S. (Golder's Green).—Tell the author of the "catty" poem what you think of him.

PAUL J. (Liverpool).—We do not know sufficient of the Liverpool Salvage Association to interfere, and as you give your address as "Listening Post, All Bunkum-st.," you can hardly expect us to adopt your figures.

"BURLEIGH" (Teignmouth).—Probably our fault, but we don't quite get the idea of your letter.

A. M. (Stornoway).—"When first I came across J.B. I took it for a novel, but I found it the most intelligible literature that ever I came across." Evidently you did not come across for nothing.

B. S. (Paddington).—We have frequently warned the public not to send money in advance for goods ordered from W. Cooper and Co., Ltd., Old Kent Road, S.E.

"OLD SOLDIER" (West Croydon).—The V.C. pension is ordinarily £20 per annum, with £5 for each bar. In cases of destitution it may be raised to £50 per annum. You have doubtless seen that our scepticism regarding "Israel Harding, V.C.," has been justified by events—the old man leaving the workhouse to spend nine months in gaol. He had a long list of convictions against him, and for over thirty years had been "telling the tale."

"SAN DIEGO" (Arbroath).—Your Belgian friend is some poet. Unsuitable for publication.

C. H. H. (Herne Bay).—Too much space for a personal grievance.

R. W. R. (Hornsey).—We do not think the Rev. F. B. Meyer's projected "Service Messenger" will be a very serious rival to JOHN BULL among the boys at the Front.

J. C. (Exeter).—"It is downright scandalous to think we are getting only 23s. 9d. a week and working beside able-bodied Territorials getting over £2 a week." So it seems. Have you kicked?

H. A. S. (Sparkbrook).—All we can reply is that Mr. Lloyd George says he wants thousands of fitters in munitions works. Why not leave the Gas Department and seek employment as one of the thousands?

F. P. (Reading).—As you say, there is nothing like singing to keep up the spirits of our boys at the front. It is choruses they want, and an easy way of sending them is to tear out from *Everywoman's* the page containing one of Mr. Herman Darewski's refrains and put it in your letter.

D. McG. (Ponder's End).—If you think again, you will see that we cannot opinionise on whether you are competent to work a lathe or not in the munitions factory. Obviously, a question of internal management.

"FIDELE" (Cherbourg) says we are in error in saying chemists are exempt from military service in conscript countries; in Cherbourg many have been mobilised, and several have had to leave for the trenches.

J. C. W. C. (C. Common).—Thanks. Have read your shorthand article on "An Imperial Parliament," in the *Phonographic Monthly*, with pleasure.

"A VOLUNTEER, U.B.V. RIFLES." (Mandalay).—Have had much pleasure in adding to our War Sufferers' Fund—in accordance with your request—the half-crown due to you for the "Printer's Pie" item. Every good wish to yourself and other sons of the Empire who are doing their "bit."

"FIFESHIRE" (Edinburgh).—You have our sincere sympathy if you are in the toils of the notorious Taverner's "National Old Age Pension Trust." We can do nothing in the matter.

"CHERO" (Westminster, S.W.).—It is to be hoped the new "women sweeps" will *not* contract "chimney sweep's cancer." We have already remarked that we consider it a most unsootable occupation for them, although they have the authority of the old song: "Men must work, but women must sweep."

"A MINER" says: "I write you *re* your pig-headed and mean unmanly arguments which are appearing continuously in your rag." And then he proceeds to do so. Oh, la, la!

J. T. S. (Southend-on-Sea).—Too many crackers containing toys, games, etc., "made in Germany," were sold by British firms last Christmas. Such unpatriotic tradesmen should be pulled asunder like their own wares.

E. J. H. (Hurst, Berks).—We have already criticised the City Pen Manufacturing Co., of 14, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row, E.C., for their impertinence in sending fountain pens, unsolicited, to strangers, and then demanding 5s. 6d. for them.

J. H. (Yardley, B'ham).—All we can tell you concerning the "Natural Cancer Cure Co." is that it is a concern run by a clerk in his spare time, at Twickenham.

J. H. K. G. (Sturry).—We agree that cadet corps should not be reduced to the necessity of touting for purchasers of patriotic songs to provide them with funds to keep going.

"A SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Lincoln).—You do not, unfortunately, obtain 4s. 2d. for the 5 franc notes your husband sends you, because the franc is not worth 10d. in England at the present rate of exchange.

"QUIET OBSERVER."—So you think our mode of addressing Mr. Justice Horridge in a recent Candid Communication as "Dear My Lord" is deserving of a "Biscuit." If that is the way you observe, you had best keep quiet. "Dear My Lord" is perfectly correct English.

T. M. (Swansea) asks us to "slate severely the Germans as Murderous Assassins of savage butchers." We see no reason to "slate" the Huns for killing one another, which the above sentence suggests them to be doing.

F. A. (Glasgow).—A poem to the Kaiser beginning: "Vomited forth from the pit abysmal" is really too much, even for us. Try simpler language another time.

S. M. (Plumstead).—Drapers who insult their customers by palming off on them German picture postcards for the inevitable farthing change, deserve to be boycotted. We would not purchase a penny piece of pink tape from such people.

A. N. (Aruvankadur).—You seem to have just cause of complaint against shabby treatment by a certain person, but, as you are off to try your luck in Australia, a recital of the facts would not help. With your splendid record, you should do well. So may good luck attend you!

"A VOTELESS ENGLISH CITIZEN."—Scotland Yard will not grant licences to women to drive taxi-cabs, and you startle us by suggesting that the reason is the fear that some naughty man might not know his wife or daughter in uniform, and might order them, or one of them, to drive him to a haunt of vice. It is a staggering suggestion.

T. C. (Birmingham).—You are right in demanding the return of your money from the Household Supply Co., Warwick Street, Manchester. The whole thing is a disreputable advertising trick.

"SOTTO VOICE" (London) objects to the phrase "Dear me." Dear us! Dear him!

A. M.—Surely the Chief Constable is not now "employing men of military age and fitness as special constables"?

PTE. T. C. B. (Trimulgherry, Ind.).—Seem to remember acknowledging receipt of the photograph you sent us, but if overlooked till now, excuse us for lack of space.

"BROWN" (Leytonstone).—Why ask us what you can ascertain for yourself by searching the file of any newspaper in a public library?

H. R. (s.s. *Mitra*).—Since you pointed out the technical error in our "Lonely Londoner's" poem on a maritime subject, we have endorsed his poetic licence.

A. B. (Ilford).—You appear to be careless and inaccurate. The profit was made in the "dairy department," not necessarily on milk alone.

"DICKENSONIAN" (Plymouth).—The book you should get is "The Pageant of Dickens," by W. W. Crotch, published by Chapman and Hall—if it is not already out of print.

REN. W. S. (B.E.F. France).—You boys at the front get about a week to compete in our "Bullets" competitions.

"IMPARTIAL" (Glasgow).—Cannot decipher your signature. Know nothing of the publication, but the author, whoever he is, is not likely to know more about deafness than one of the Glasgow specialists.

"WATTIE" (Llanelly).—Why should you feel nervous in writing to us? We are always charmed to hear from our lady readers. We agree that it would do no harm to the children to close the schools for six months if by doing so it would release hundreds of able-bodied teachers to lend a hand in the war. If a ballot of the pupils throughout the country were taken on the question, we fancy the "Ayes" would have it.

H. W. (Hoylake).—Yours was but one of thousands of suggestions that have reached us for dealing with the Huns' vile gas tricks. We could not possibly acknowledge them all. Needless to say, the fact that Sir Hiram Maxim appears to have developed an idea similar to your own is nothing whatever to do with us.

J. F. (Leith, N.B.).—"While doubtless much of your correspondence is interesting, the suspicion arises that it may be more or less faked." If *you* had to deal with it, you would be more or less quaked.

(A large number of replies are unavoidably left over.)

It is a delight to write with a "John Bull" Pen.

CONCOCTED CONVERSATIONS.

MR ASQUITH AND SIR EDWARD GREY.

Mr. Asquith: Good of you to drop in, Sir Edward. As it happens, I wanted to have a little chat with you. It is rather a delicate matter. I have a very disagreeable duty to perform. There are times, you know, my dear fellow, when a man in my position *must* study the national interest at the expense of his personal predilections. Especially in war time. I had to do so in the case of Haldane, and nicely some of the old clique have made me pay for it! You saw that infernal leader in the *Daily News* the other day, in which A. G. G. accused me of surrendering Haldane to the "basest calumny of this war," and suggested that I was ashamed to look myself in the face in consequence? But do you consider that I had any alternative?

Sir Edward: Much as it pains me to say so, I really don't think you had. Unfortunately, in a democratic country like ours, public clamour must be heeded to a certain extent.

Asquith: He failed in his German policy. That's the long and short of it, isn't it?

Sir Edward: Well, if you must have the brutal truth, I suppose it is.

Asquith: Well, now, Edward, am I to take that as an admission that in your opinion the failure of a minister is sufficient justification for dropping him?

Sir Edward: Certainly.

Asquith: That makes it a bit easier for me. Now, then, what about yourself?

Sir Edward: I? I—er—don't quite follow you.

Asquith: Well, then, do you reckon you've been an unqualified success as Foreign Secretary?

Sir Edward: I'm sure you don't want me to sing my own praises, Herbert. It's a peculiar question to ask me.

Asquith: Let me explain. It is no use mincing words. Your numerous diplomatic failures are beginning to come to light. It is known that as far back as 1908 M. Clemenceau, the then French President, warned you definitely of the aggressive designs of Germany, its intention to violate the neutrality of Belgium, and the consequent urgent necessity for serious military preparations on our part. He warned you that 250,000 troops would have to be landed on the Continent within ten days of the outbreak of war if the German rush was to be stopped. It is now known that you ignored that warning.

Sir Edward: I exercised my own judgment.

Asquith: Exactly. That is what your critics will say, and that your judgment failed. Now, it is also known that you were engaged in risky negotiations with Germany, behind the back of France and Russia, before the war. It is known that you took up an unfavourable attitude towards Italy in her war with Turkey in 1911, and invited the other Great Powers to address a joint Note to her, warning her not to meddle with the Dardanelles. It is also known that you initialled that Anglo-German agreement with reference to the Bagdad Railway as recently as the spring of 1914!

Sir Edward: What on earth is all this leading up to? A man who never makes a mistake never makes anything, you know.

Asquith: But suppose a general in the field makes a succession of blunders. Is it then policy to retain him?

Sir Edward: But can you point to any mistakes on my part since the war broke out?

Asquith: Dozens. The Balkans business has been one long succession of failures. Now, before a clamour for your dismissal arises, let me ask you as a friend to do the right thing. I don't want a repetition of the Haldane bother. I don't want to be accused again of surrendering a minister and a friend to base calumny, and of being ashamed to look myself in the face afterwards. I don't press you for a decision now. Think it over. Ill-health will always provide an excuse, you know. And don't take it too much to heart, Edward.

Our New £1,000 Football Competition

£1,000 For an All-Correct Coupon. .

£250 If One Error . . . . . .

£100 MUST be won EVERY WEEK .

We print herewith a coupon showing 18 matches to be played Saturday, February 26th. It is for you to forecast the results of these 18 matches. Thus, if your judgment tells you that Oldham will beat Bury you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Home." If you think that Bury will beat Oldham, then you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Away." If you think that the match will end in a draw, you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Draw" *Do not cross out the names of the teams. Mark only with a cross (X).*

£250 FOR ONE ERROR.

Should no competitor send an all-correct coupon, we shall award £250 to the reader whose coupon shows only one mistake. Should nobody succeed in winning either the £1,000 or the £250, then

£100 MUST BE WON

by the reader submitting the most nearly correct coupon. Competitors may send as many coupons as they choose, provided they abide by the rules of the Competition.

O.H.M.S. Members of his Majesty's Forces on Active Service abroad need not attach a voucher or postage stamp, but must write the words "Active Service" across space provided for stamp.

RULES. (1) All coupons must reach John Bull, 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, not later than Friday, February 25 (2) Each and every coupon must have pinned to it, *not stuck down*, a penny stamp or else a Voucher to be found in *Everywoman's*. (3) The *Sporting Life* results will be accepted as correct. (4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for loss or non-delivery of any letter or letters. (5) Any alterations on a coupon will disqualify it. (6) In the event of a tie the Prize will be equally divided amongst the successful competitors. (7) All coupons must be marked in *ink*. Pencil marking will disqualify. (8) Should any of the matches not be finished, only the £100 Prize will be awarded (9) Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

N.B.—Every coupon must have a penny stamp or a voucher from *Everywoman's* pinned to it. *Do not stick down your stamps.* Pin them.

SCOTTISH READERS MAY COMPETE.

HOME	AWAY	DRAW	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Oldham A.	v.	Bury
			Bolton W.	v.	Stockport C.
			Everton	v.	Liverpool
			Southport C.	v.	Manchester U.
			Stoke	v.	Burnley
			Bradford C.	v.	Barnsley
			Derby C.	v.	Bradford
			Grimsby	v.	Hull City
			Huddersfield	v.	Notts Forest
			Lincoln C.	v.	Sheffield W.
			Notts C.	v.	Leeds C.
			Watford	v.	West Ham U.
			Clapton O.	v.	Arsenal
			Reading	v.	Queen's Park R.
			Airdrieonians	v.	Hearts
			Ayr United	v.	Rangers
			Dumbarton	v.	Hamilton A.
			H.bernians	v.	Kilmarnock

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding

PIN a penny postage stamp or Free stamp Voucher from *Everywoman's* **HERE**

Name .....

Address .....

.....

No. 22 Closing date, Friday, February 25th

Common forms of
INDIGESTION

Whatever form your indigestion may take, Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, made only by Savory & Moore, will relieve it. Here are a few instances:—

INDIGESTION.—"Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges are the very best remedy I have been able to get. I have tried everything I have seen advertised, but nothing has done me any good. I dreaded to eat anything, but now one lozenge has the desired effect. I cannot praise them highly enough."

FLATULENCE.—"I am delighted to state that they are truly magical in their effect. All symptoms of flatulence, flushed cheeks, etc., after meals are now at once dispersed, also the oppressive feeling of fulness."

LONG-STANDING DYSPEPSIA WITH DISTRESSING HEARTBURN.—"The Lozenges certainly gave great relief. . . I personally will prescribe them" (medical man).

FLATULENCE AT NIGHT.—"One or two taken when required seem most useful in dispelling wind and other discomforts which interfere with proper sleep."

HUNGER PAIN.—"Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges are the only things I know of that take away that intense 'Hunger Pain' which is such acute suffering" (medical man).

A FREE TRIAL BOX of the lozenges will be sent to all who write, enclosing 1d. stamp for postage, and mentioning JOHN BULL, to Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond Street, London.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

The best, strongest & purest in the world
The most economical because it goes farther than most other makes.

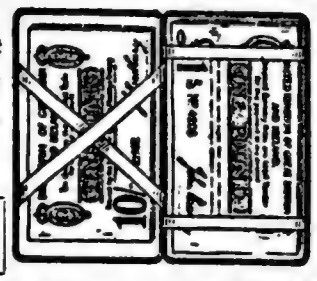
ZEPPELIN RAIDS

BE INDEPENDENT OF TRAINS & TRAMS
RIDE a "J.P." CYCLE AND SAVE MONEY.

THE "J. P." CYCLE,
ENGLISH MADE THROUGHOUT.
SALE PRICE. **£4 : 3 : 9**
Specification free.

The "J.P." Red Centre Cycle Cover
Write for free section
Usual Price, 7/11.
Sale Price, **6/7.**

Write for full particulars of clearance Cycle Inner Tubes.



THE NEW REVERSIBLE TREASURY NOTE CASE
In Seal Grain Leather.
Usually sold at 2/6.
SALE PRICE. **1/3**
Postage, 2d.

Write for 68-page Free Catalogue, POST FREE.

JOHN PIGGOTT, Ltd.,
117 & 118, Cheapside & Milk St. Bldg., LONDON, E.C.

GAMAGES
GREAT OPTICAL SALE NOW ON!

A Large Staff of Expert Opticians Specially Engaged in Attendance from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.

ENCOURAGED by the success attending our previous great Sales, during which over 50,000 satisfied clients expressed their approval of the service we rendered by the aid of our new system of adapting glasses for all forms of sight deficiencies, we are again repeating this Offer for the Month of February, 1916.

Reading or Distance Glasses, fitted with highest quality Crystal Lenses for **4/7.** Satisfaction guaranteed. Money refunded during sale if not perfectly satisfied.

Half-Guinea Rolled Gold Frames and Lenses for 4/7
Postage 3d.

WE TEST YOUR

EYESIGHT FREE

Half-Guinea Rolled Gold Frames and Lenses for 4/7
Postage 3d.

We guarantee the frames to retain their colour for fifteen years; fit them perfectly to your eyes, and give you five different styles to choose from. If Astigmatic or Bi-focal lenses are required the cost of these will be extra.

There is no need for country customers to come to London; we will send a test sheet gratis and Post Free. This will enable you to send us full particulars of your needs, when we will at once despatch suitable glasses.

Leather-covered Cases 9d. each. Postage on all Glasses 3d.

Copy of Testimonial from ——— ——— 3—91, High Street Thame, Oxon. Sirs,—Glasses received this morning and I must thank you for the trouble you have taken in trying to suit me and will do my best to recommend your firm to my friends as my glasses have turned out a great boon to me, and no eye specialist could have suited me better if I had paid £3 or £4 for them. I did not think I should be suited at so low a price, and I do not know how to thank you enough.—Yours truly, ——— ———

Beware of Imitators who supply inferior frames with common lenses.
We Guarantee all our Lenses to be Optically Perfect.

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., Opticians, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

SEVERE WHOOPING COUGH

And Bronchitis. "Am satisfied that Veno's saved her life."

It is useless to treat whooping cough with preparations that make the child sick. They can only do harm, because every dose will bring on an attack of sickness and of coughing. Veno's Lightning Cough Cure never causes sickness, children like it, and its great curative power is thus made effective from the first.

This was the experience of Mrs. Percivall, of 44, London Road, Grays, Essex. She says: "I first used Veno's for my baby when she was suffering from whooping cough and bronchitis, and I am quite satisfied it saved her life. She had been suffering for weeks, and was just as ill as she could be. Poor little girl! the whooping cough used to come on every half-hour, and the attacks were something awful. She always went sick with them; nothing at all would remain on her stomach, and naturally she was getting quite thin and weak for want of nourishment. All through the day and night these terrible attacks would seize her, till poor baby was quite worn out with the strain of coughing.

"Of course, I tried everything I could think of; but they were all no use. They made her worse instead of better, for none of them would remain on her stomach. But when at last I tried Veno's it was very different. Veno's agreed with her at once, and on the second day she was ever so much easier. The attacks got less and less frequent and soon she was absolutely cured. My other two children began to cough about this time and I feared they were going to have whooping cough too; but I gave them Veno's and there was no more trouble. They are all in the best of health now."

Baby Percival, Grays.

A SIXPENNY BOOK FREE. Write now for "The Veno Book of Health," containing valuable information which no sufferer should be without. Enclose a penny stamp for postage to Box 82, The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for

COUGHS & COLDS, BRONCHITIS, LUNG TROUBLES, INFLUENZA, DIFFICULT BREATHING,

11½d. A Bottle.

ASTHMA, NASAL CATARRH, WHOOPING COUGH, OLD-AGE COUGHS, BLOOD-SPITTING.

Larger Sizes, 1s. 3d and 3s. The 3s. size is the most economical. Of Chemists and Stores the world over, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.

Insist on having Veno's and refuse all substitutes.

KILL THAT INSECT, TOMMY.

Send your pals "out yonder" some tins of

HARRISON'S NURSERY POMADE

—they'll be very acceptable. When you haven't time to wash there's a big chance you'll have "companions." A little HARRISON'S POMADE KILLS EVERY INSECT on Hair and body. Insist on having HARRISON'S POMADE. "Tins of comfort," 4d. and 9d. Sold by all Chemists—or by post from HARRISON, Chemist, Reading.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL of MOTORING, Ltd.

Coventry House, 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.

Officially investigated and approved by "JOHN BULL."

Fight the Germs

that **poison** and **impoverish** the blood and cause disease. **TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS,** and **INTERNAL GROWTHS** do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease.

VITADATIO DESTROYS DISEASE

by removing the **cause.** It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail.

Sold by Boots, Cash Chemists, and Taylors Drug Stores or post free at 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d. and 5s. per bottle. Send postcard for

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

and testimonials to Vitadatio, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Park Square, Leeds.

With **Vitadatio** THE MEDICINE THAT CURES

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING!

WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?

Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, &c. Furniture—Bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from Factory to home in **PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION.** Send post-card to-day for illustrated Price List (post free). Allow **DISCOUNT FOR CASH,** or supply goods payable in Monthly Instalments to be fixed.

CHARLES RILEY, Desk 18, MOOR STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Please mention "John Bull" when writing for lists.

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods sold by every advertiser in "John Bull." If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with a purchase through any trade advertisement in the columns of this issue, we will refund the money. When replying to advertisements, be careful to write your name and address clearly.

AGENTS WANTED.

Quick selling Article, time, money and labour saver. Simply send stamp directed envelope for full particulars. Sample of the article if desired 1/- post free, but if you return this advertisement now, we will send you two samples for only a 1/- post paid. Write now. Thornley Co. Darley St., Bolton.

BEACON OILSKINS

Keep you dry always. Men's 2/6. Childie's 7/6. Sou'-westers, 1/6. Long Leggings, 2/9. Guaranteed against stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back methods. **Illustrated List Post Free.** Send Post-card now for this Art Booklet of "Weather Comfort," to BARBOUR'S, Ltd., 67, BEACON BUILDINGS, SOUTH SHIELDS.

Madame **SARAH FERNHARDT** "Uses Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles with great success for Chest, Throat, and Voice and recommends her friends to use them."

PROCTOR'S **PINELYPTUS** PASTILLES

BRONCHO-LARYNGEAL

CHEST. THROAT. VOICE — **ASTHMA. CATARRH. COUGH**

A Boon to Singers, Clergymen, Teachers. Insist on having "PINELYPTUS." Recommended by Miss Ellen Terry. Sold by Chemists and Stores only in Boxes, 13½d. and 2s. 9d.

FOR COMFORT

Get a Genuine

SALMON ODY TRUSS

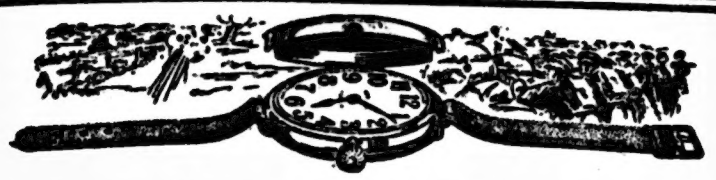
SUPPLIED ONLY FROM SALMON ODY, LTD.

7, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

PARTICULARS FREE. *Est. 110 years.*

BOVRIL

GIVES STRENGTH TO WIN.



Armour-plate your Wrist Watch.

Fit this handy contrivance in a trice to *any* wrist watch; just clasp it under and over—so!—and you've got an armour-plate on your watch that defies breakage. And with the Army Protector your watch is no longer a target for snipers.

The ARMY WRIST WATCH PROTECTOR

Absolutely protects the watch and case and assures safety to the wearer.

Well made in various styles and sizes to fit any wrist watch. Opens with a single movement—closes automatically when released—unobtrusive, and light in weight. Enables the watch to be worn even when the glass is broken.

SEND ONE TO YOUR FRIEND AT THE FRONT.

The Army Wrist Watch Protector (as illustrated), can be obtained to fit *any* wrist watch.

Nickel or Khaki Finish - 1/6
Leather Covered - - 2/6
Rolled Gold - - - 3/6

Solid Silver from 6/6. **Solid Gold** from £3 3 0

Sold by Jewellers, Silversmiths, Cutlers, etc.

If unable to obtain from your own Jeweller, send stamps or postal orders direct to:

Sales Manager: **Waltham Buildings, 29, Church Street, Liverpool.**

Riley Billiards in Thousands of Homes for a small first payment of 8/6.

GREAT FREE TRIAL OFFER to prove the enjoyment it gives.

THINK of it! Just a Postal Order NOW, and years of continuous enjoyment are given your household. Healthy, happy amusement that adds an enjoyment to home life Recreation for young or old—and Billiards is a game that's easy to learn on a Riley Miniature Table, which is so perfectly proportioned and so well made that any expert player delights in making the most difficult strokes on it

8/6

DOWN

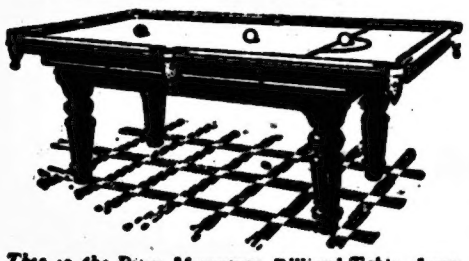
brings to your home immediately

Riley's Miniature Billiard Table.

8s. 6d. down—and then, whilst you are getting the enjoyment from the Table, you pay the balance in 12 monthly payments of 8s. 6d.

Cash price 5 Guineas—a delightfully convenient size to fit OVER an ordinary table, and to fit any ordinary sized room. Measures 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in.

One of these delightful Riley Miniature Tables is despatched to your door, carriage paid, within seven days from receipt of your P.O. for 8s. 6d. If you're not completely satisfied after seven whole days' trial, pack up the Table, advise Rileys, and they will have it removed



This is the Riley Miniature Billiard Table, shown resting on ordinary table.

IN addition to the Miniature Tables, Riley's have another style—which may be paid for by monthly payments over a period of 13 or 18 months—the

RILEY "COMBINE" BILLIARD AND DINING TABLE

—really a magnificent piece of furniture, which may be converted into a large-sized Billiard Table by its very simple automatic raising and lowering action. This size also can be secured on easy payments spread over a period of 13 or 18 months Cash prices are from £13 10s to £38.

FREE. On receipt of a postcard, full detailed Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables, and full or small sized Tables or Sundries

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Premier Works, Accrington.

London Showrooms: 147, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

'Cheer Up!'

IT'S all very well for kind friends to come along with "cheer up" when you're feeling weak and down, but *that* will not restore your worn-out nerves or set your overwrought energies to rights.

Get body and nerves re-stored with a course of Hall's Wine and you will "cheer up" readily enough! Indeed nothing *but* Hall's Wine will help you to this happy result so surely, so quickly, or so well.

Read this—

"I felt I was in for at least a three months' illness," writes a lady, "but the effect of five or six doses of Hall's Wine was wonderful, and to say I am delighted with the good it has done me would be feeble praise."

(Original letter on our file.)

For a bright outlook in life, you need circulation right, digestion right, nerves right, and for restoring these there is nothing to equal

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Restorative

GUARANTEE.—If after buying a bottle of Hall's Wine and taking half of it, you do not feel decided benefit, simply return us the half-empty bottle, and every penny of your outlay will be refunded.

Large size, 3/6. Of all Wine Merchants and Grocers and Chemists with Wine Licences.

SOLE PROPRIETORS.
STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LIMITED. BOW, LONDON.

32R

"BULLETS" THE BIGGEST

PRIZE-LIST OF ANY COMPETITION IN THE WORLD.

2nd PRIZE £25	FIRST PRIZE £250	2nd PRIZE £25

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10	100 PRIZES OF 5/-	1000 PRIZES OF 2/6	2000 Special 'Target' PRIZES	2000 OTHER HAND-SOME PRIZES

OVER £1,000 in PRIZES to be WON this WEEK.

☞ **Please note that Competitors can now make use of two extra coupons, which are to be found on the p ge opposite.**

No. Closing date, Thursday, February 24th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(177) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS No. 177," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing date, Thursday, February 24th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(177) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** Bullets" Competition, **No. 178. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, MARCH 2nd.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **178** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. 178, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 178

DODGING THE BLOCKADE	COURTING DANGER	SLACKING OFF	PAYING JOB
MAKING REPRISALS	BEST LEFT ALONE	SEEKING THE NEEDFUL	AWAITING THE DAY
WHEN FISHER RETURNS	AWAY FROM HOME	WHEN WIFE'S OUT	YOUNG GENERAL
SPRING CLEANING	WON'T WASH	RED TAPE	A FAIR POSER
A NIGHT FLIGHT	A MODEST MAID	IN THE LIMELIGHT	MAKES KAISER SWEAR

Soldiers and Sailors desiring to send extra "Bullets" may submit them on plain paper. An entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" submitted must be enclosed. If possible entry fees should be paid for English postal orders. English stamps and notes on the Bank of France will also be accepted. No other notes of any kind will be accepted.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 177:—

AMERICA'S NEXT NOTE
NEUTRAL SUPPLIES
MAKES GERMANS FLY
WON'T ANSWER
WEARING A SMILE
HAVING A GOOD TIME
MAKING HIS FORTUNE
ALL BLUFF
TAKES THE CAKE
UNWELCOME CALLER
PROMISE OF SPRING
FORWARD MOVE
A NIGHT ATTACK
WORKING FOR PEACE
SMALL BEER
THE NEW GIRL
BAD ADVICE
NOT VERY LIKELY
LOOKS TENDER
SEAT OF TROUBLE
LOST CHARACTER
MAKES FATHER SIT UP
HIGHLY COLOURED
CUTS UP NASTY
TALKING BIG
WAIT AND SEE
A TOUGH PROPOSITION
NO GENTLEMAN
MRS. GRUNDY
WAR WORKERS

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE, or FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—

Example:—
NOT VERY LIKELY.
Bullet:—
THE KAISER WILL ABDICATE.

Example:—
TALKING BIG.
Bullet:—
ALGY AFTER ENLISTING.

Example:—
MRS. GRUNDY.
Bullet:—
ANNOYS SWEETHEARTS.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated March 11th.

This week's "Bullets" Competition will also be found in "Every Week" dated February 19th.

RESULT OF 174TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE of £250 :—

Mr. ERNEST A. OAKMAN,
14, Camborne Avenue,
West Ealing, London, W.

Example :—REPAIRING HOME.
Bullet :—RAIDERS—BEFORE WE'RE "UP."
(Sent in on a "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £25 :—

Mr. JOS. ALLEN,
c/o C. Clark,
129, Laygate Lane,
South Shields, Co. Durham.

Example :—FAST FRIENDS.
Bullet :—ARE OUR "DESTROYERS."

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH :—

Mr. J. McKIM, 173, Wansbeck Road, Jarrow:
LATE HUSBAND—DON'T "STRIKE"—"LOCK OUT."

Mr. J. MUNRO, 66, Norfolk Road, Littlehampton:
FROM BAD TO WORSE—GOING THROUGH FAMILY ALBUM.

Mr. W. C. BEARD, 4, Euston Street, London, N.W.:
PROHIBITED AREA—EVERYWHERE, IF GERMANY RULED.

Mr. H. R. HARPER, 83, Molineux Street, Wolverhampton:
NO JOKE—ADJUDICATORS LOOKING FOR ONE.

Mr. T. C. WATERLAND, 4, Brussels Road, Battersea, London, S.W.:
MAKES MOTHER TALK—EVERYTHING "UP" BUT SERVANT.

Mr. F. DENTITH, 29, Meadow Street, New Brighton:
GOING TO SMASH—THE "LITTLE MAN" GENERALLY.

Mr. C. B. PERCY, 53, Goldsmith Road, King's Heath, Birmingham
LATE HUSBAND—"BEYOND" ALL PRAISE.

Mr. M. REES, 1, Victoria Road, Leamington:
A RAPID RISE—IN GROCERY "ALL GAMMON."

Mr. L. DENWOOD, 4, Riversleigh Avenue, Lytham:
MOVING DAY—NOT ANNOUNCED IN GALLIPOLI.

Mr. HUMPHRIES, Sherwood Lodge, Drummond Road, Skegness:
WAITING TO BE FETCHED—"COMING INTO LINE" LATER.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH :—

Mr. WM. J. RAYMONT, 5, Factory Road, Eastleigh, Hants:
LATE HUSBAND—EVERYBODY'S—WHEN PEACE DECLARED.

Mr. L. E. HARRIS, 39, Ash Grove, Newland, Hull:
SOON FORGOTTEN—"FIRST ONE" AFTER "ANOTHER."

Mr. D. W. DAVIES, "Penylan," Alexandra Road, Gorseinon, near Swansea:
A RAPID RISE—EXPENSES—AFTER PURCHASING CAR.

Mr. ARTHUR SHIMMIELD, C.P.O., c.o. Senior Naval Officer, Aultbea, Ross, Scotland:
A GOOD DRIN—INSPIRES MANY AN "INVENTOR."

Mr. F. J. GOODWILL, 21, Elsworth Street, Doncaster:
GOING TO SMASH—MORE WORRY THAN "NECESSARY."

Mr. HY. C. COVER, Beach House, Caister-on-Sea, Norfolk:
LATE HUSBAND—EVERYTHING COLD, INCLUDING RECEPTION.

Mrs. M. L. JACKSON, 3, The Willows, Liverpool:
WINNING FIRST PRIZE—"OTHERS" COME AFTER IT.

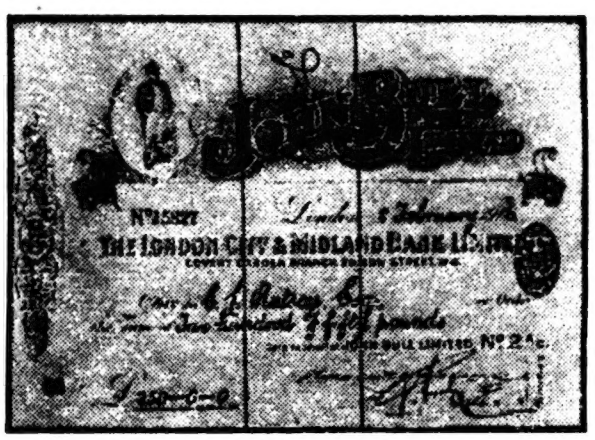
Mr. CHARLES E. LESLIE, 13, Earsdon Terrace, Tyne Dock, South Shields:
WAITING TO BE FETCHED—WAGES OF SIN—NEVER.

Mr. A. E. BISHOP, 10, Wooler Road, Weston-super-Mare:
CONVEYS NOTHING—EXCEPT SWEETHEARTS—GOVERNMENT CAR.

Lieut. and Qmr. R. G. WHITNEY, R.A.M.C. Training Centre, Sling, Salisbury:
ARTIST'S MODEL—POSES EXPERTLY—EXPOSES PERTLY.

Selection from 100 Prizewinners of 5s. each :—

AINSWORTH, J. E. (Grocer), 21, Duckworth Street, Darwen, Lancs.
ALLENBY, T., 10, West Street, Kendal.
ANNING, Sapper E., R.E.P.S., A.P.O. 4, B.E.F.
ARNOLD, A. H., Coomber, Butler's Cross, Tring.
ATKINSON, W. (Mrs.), 105, Hasleville Road, Hornsey Lane, N.
BARNETT, B., 24, Railway Street, Chatham.
BEMROSE, Sergt., R.A.M.C., Belton Park Mil. Camp, Grantham.
BLAKE, W., 37a, Duke Street, St. James, S.W.
BOON, H. H., 4, Theresa Avenue, Bishopston, Bristol.
BRAGG, Sgt.-Major, No. 179, 2/1st Mon. Battery, R.F.A., Bedford.
BROOKS, B. A. (Miss), 29, Ivory Street, Burnley.



The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Messrs. English and Sons, 28, St. Clement's, Oxford, from Thursday, February 17th.

A reproduction of the cheque will be shown daily on the screen at the Premier Picture Palace, the George Street Cinema, Oxford.

BROWN, E. (Mrs.), 51, St. Lawrence Road Brixton, S.W.
BROWN, W. (Mrs.), 38, David St., Burnley
BUTLER, F., 132, Holme Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham
BUTLER, H., Hornay Farm, Blyth, Northld.
CARPENTER, C. W., The Elms, Wembdon, Bridgwater.
CARR, H., 2, Naylor's Buildings, Newfield, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
CHALMERS, D., 365, Paisley Rd., Glasgow.
COLES, C. E., (Q.M.S.), North Staffs. Regt. Record Office, Whitehall, Lichfield.
COLKETT, S. S. A., Issue Room, R.N. Camp, Haslar, Hants.
COOPER, M. (Mrs.), Fern Villa, New Road, Sunninghill, Ascot.
COTTON, E., 7a, Niederwald Rd., Sydenham, S.E.
COX, A. E., 11, Ranelagh Rd., Shornes.
DAVIS, R. A., 68, Briscoe Buildings, Brixton, S.W.
DAVIS, W., Central Marylebone Garage, Marylebone Road, W.
DENNIS, E. (Miss), 11, St. James' Road, Cathcart, Glasgow.
DOD, W., Front Street, East Boldon.
ELLIOTT, C., 13, Delhi Street, Walney, Barrow-in Furness.
ELLIOTT, J., 6, Newton Street, Hyde, Cheshire.
ELWICK, G. C., 57, Wilford Crescent E., Nottingham.
FINCH, E. R. (Mrs.), Sharpton, Lydford, Devon.
FORBES, A. E. (Miss), Sylvan Cottage, Gilnakirk, Belfast.
FORTH, F. W., 46, Silton Street, Lily Lane, Moston, Manchester.
GARLAND, A., 43, Rollason Road, Dudley.
GEE, S. A., 34, Thornlaw Road, West Norwood, S.E.
GOODFELLOW, H. T., 332, Scott Ellis Gdns., St. John's Wood, N.W.
GOODMAN, P., 47, Stanhope Gardens, S.W.
GORNER, G. (Miss), 93, Vista Road, Hoylake, St. Helens, Lancs.
GRASSOM, J., 34, Main Street, Bainsford, Falkirk, N.B.
HARBORD, W., 1, Napier Terr., Islington, N.
HARGREAVES, C., 17, Rand Place, Horton, Bradford.
HARRIS, A. E., 18, Westgate Street, Bath.
HAYHURST, A. E. (Sgt.), 17th Lancers, Curragh, Ireland.
HAYNES, A., 80, St. John's Road, Clapham Junction.
HILL, F., 57, Sundorne Road, Charlton, Kent.
HILL, S. H., 15, Kingsley Street, Pleck, Walsall.
HILL, W. H., 11, Ashville Road, Seacombe, Cheshire.
HOCKING, R. H., 159, Queen Street, Glasgow.
HOLBEECH, T., 76, Leigh Road West, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.
HOPKINS, J., 4, Gratton Road, West Kensington, W.
HUMPHREYS, W., Egremont, Welshpool, North Wales.

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons can be used, but a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be enclosed and made payable to "John Bull" and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon must enclose one postal order for the amount covering the number of their coupons.
4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.
5. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.
6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☛ YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, February 24th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

177. P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

If all four coupons are used, P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

No _____ Closing Date, Thursday, February 24th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(177) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page

Signed .....

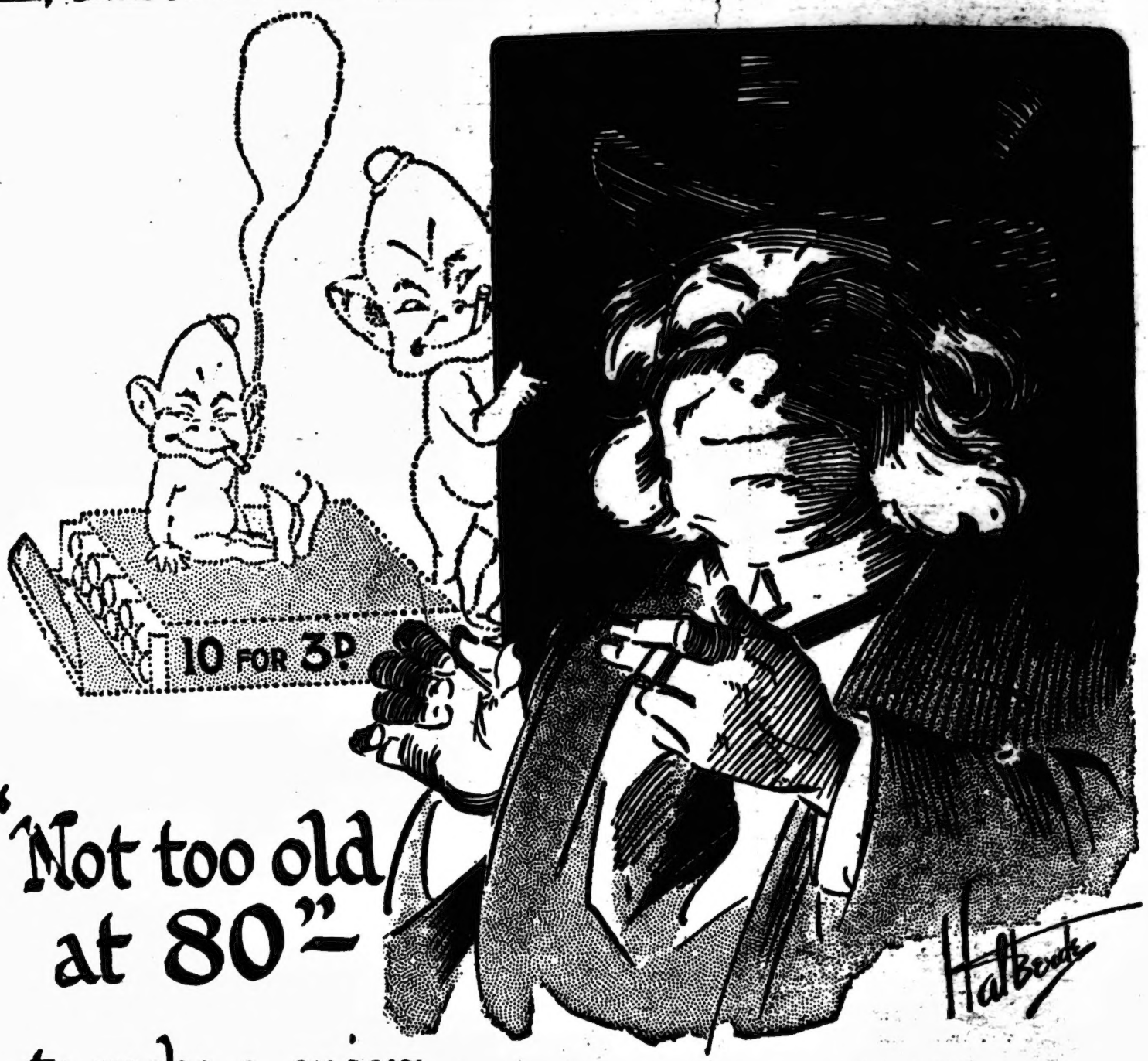
Address .....

.....

If four Coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets No. 177." "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS IN THE ABOVE COMPETITION CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."



"Not too old at 80"—
to smoke & enjoy

Chairman Juniors

This fine old English gentleman, the happiest of men,
Finds pleasure still in smoking (though he's past three score and ten)—
CHAIRMAN JUNIORS.

Just examine a packet of Chairman Juniors. You will find that they are beautifully made, well packed, and wholly free from dust. Smoke one, and the flavour, coolness, and clean Virginian aroma will convince you of the quality and fineness of blend of the tobacco. They are good in every respect—being the original Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller that they may be sold everywhere at

10 for 3d.

In Chairman Juniors all the value is in the cigarettes—there are no pictures or coupons with them.

They are made and guaranteed in every particular by R. J. LEA, LTD., Manchester.

Printed and Published by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.; Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc., South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd., Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.
All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2595.